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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE NATIONAL CRISIS.

Latter-day Pamphlets.—Edited by Thomas Carlyle. No. 1. *The Present Time.* Chapman and Hall.

This is an extraordinary book. We know not whether the strange style imparts a mysterious force to the thoughts, and makes that seem wonderful which is only common, or whether there is really a marvellous power in the ideas, independent of the language; but certain it is that the "eternities," "significances," "God Almighty's," "shams," "entities," "phantasms," "devils," "universes," "eternal laws," "eternal voices," "chaoses," "histrio-kings," "God's Facts," and we know not how many new and peculiar verbal combinations, sometimes puzzle the understanding, and at all times so dazzle the sense that distinctness is not the immediate result, and the mind swims in a sort of blaze, as the sight does when a strong light is suddenly let in upon the eyes which have been for a while in darkness. Be this as it may, however, there is a singular vigour in this production which will cause it to be read and commented upon from one end of the Island to the other, and no doubt across the Atlantic also. To translate it for the continent will be no easy task, but we dare say it will find its way at least into French and German.

Referring to an incidental remark on Carlyle's writings, quoted in the biography of David Scott, under our head of "Fine Arts" (see farther on), we shall endeavour to afford some idea of this his new onslaught at the New Era, which is, perhaps, more vigorous (in the same manner) than any of his preceding publications. He runs a-muck at almost every body and every thing—at Kings and Reformers, at Royal Governments and Republics, at Constitutions and Revolutions, at Parliaments and Anarchies, at Protectionists and Communists, at Whigs and Tories, at Free Traders and Chartists, and Roman Catholics, and Puseyites, and English Episcopalian, and Voluntaryists, and Monopolists, and Poor Laws, and Mammon Worship. At these, and as many other phases of social condition as could be brought into category, he rails and strikes in his own fashion, and demolishes, as a Malay would his victims, with creese in hand and desperation in purpose. By this means most are scathed, and some murdered outright. For example, the broad sweep of near approaching desolation is prophesied in the foreground. For we are told that—

"In the days that are now passing over us, even fools are arrested to ask the meaning of them; few of the generations of men have seen more impressive days. Days of endless calamity, disruption, dislocation, confusion worse confounded; if they are not days of endless hope, too, then they are days of utter despair. For it is not a small hope that will suffice, the ruin being clearly, either in action or in prospect, universal. There must be a new world, if there is to be any world at all. That human things in our Europe can ever return to the old sorry routine, and proceed with any steadiness or continuance there; this small hope is not now a tenable one. These days of universal death must be days of universal newbirth, if the ruin is not to be total and final! It is a Time to make the dullest man consider; and ask himself, Whence he came? Whether he is bound?—A veritable 'New Era,' to the foolish as well as to the wise."

Enlarged, 21s.

And how has this impending universal ruin been brought on? The silly reforming Pope set about ruling according to the "Law of Veracity," and Mr. Carlyle observes—

"An alarming business, that of governing in the throne of St. Peter by the rule of veracity! By the rule of veracity, the so-called throne of St. Peter was openly declared, above three hundred years ago, to be a falsity, a huge mistake, a pestilent dead carcass, which this Sun was weary of. More than three hundred years ago, the throne of St. Peter received peremptory judicial notice to quit; authentic order, registered in Heaven's chancery, and since legible in the hearts of all brave men, to take itself away,—to begone, and let us have no more to do with it and its delusions and impious deliriums;—and it has been sitting every day since, it may depend upon it, at its own peril withal, and will have to pay exact damages yet for every day it has so sat. Law of veracity? What this Popedom had to do by the law of veracity, was to give up its foul galvanic life, an offence to gods and men: honestly to die, and get itself buried!

"Far from this was the thing the poor Pope undertook in regard to it;—and yet, on the whole, it was essentially this too. 'Reforming Pope?' said one of our acquaintance, often in those weeks: 'Was there ever such a miracle? About to break up that huge impetuosity too, by "curing" it? Turgot and Necker were nothing to this. God is great; and when a scandal is to end, brings some devoted man to take charge of it, not in despair!—But cannot he reform? asked many simple persons;—to whom our friend in grim bantler would reply: 'Reform a Pope-dom,—hardly. A wretched old kettle, ruined from top to bottom, and consisting mainly now of foul grime and rust: stop the holes of it, as your ancestors have been doing, with temporary putty, it may hang together yet a while; begin to hammer at it, solder at it, to what you call mend and rectify it,—it will fall to shreds, as sure as rust is rust; go all into nameless dissolution,—and the fat in the fire will be a thing worth looking at, poor Pope!'—So accordingly it has proved. The poor Pope, amid felicitations and tar-barrels of various kinds, went on joyfully for a season: but he had awakened, he as no other man could do, the sleeping elements; mothers of the whirlwinds, conflagrations, earthquakes. Questions not very soluble at present, were even sages and heroes set to solve them, began everywhere with new emphasis to be asked. Questions which all official men wished, and almost hoped, to postpone till Doomsday. Doomsday itself had come; that was the terrible truth!"

"For, sure enough, if once the law of veracity be acknowledged as the rule for human things, there will not anywhere be want of work for the reformer; in very few places do human things adhere quite closely to that law!" Were Monarchs any wiser than the Pope? No! The Sicilian revolt ensued and France caught the conflagration, which speedily spread over Italy and Germany.

"Everywhere immeasurable Democracy rose monstrous, loud, blatant, inarticulate as the voice of Chaos. Everywhere the Official holy-of-holies was scandalously laid bare to dogs and the profane:—Enter, all the world, see what kind of Official holy it is. Kings everywhere, and reigning persons, stared in sudden horror, the voice of

the whole world bellowing in their ear, 'Begone, ye imbecile hypocrites, histrions not heroes! Off with you, off!—and, what was peculiar and notable in this year for the first time, the Kings all made haste to go, as if exclaiming, 'We are poor histrions, we sure enough,—did you want heroes? Don't kill us; we couldn't help it!' Not one of them turned round, and stood upon his Kingship, as upon a right he could afford to die for, or to risk his skin upon; by no manner of means. That, I say, is the alarming peculiarity at present. Democracy, on this new occasion, finds all Kings *conscious* that they are but Playactors. The miserable mortals, enacting their High Life Below Stairs, with faith only that this Universe may perhaps be all a phantasm and hypocrisy,—the truculent Constable of the Destinies suddenly enters: 'Scandalous Phantasms, what do you here? Are "solemnly constituted Impostors" the proper Kings of men? Did you think the Life of Man was a grinning dance of apes? To be led always by the squeak of your panty fiddle? Ye miserable, this Universe is not an upholstery Puppet-phy, but a terrible God's Fact; and you, I think,—had not you better be gone?' They fled precipitately, some of them with what we may call an exquisite ignominy,—in terror of the treadmill or worse. And everywhere the people, or the populace, take their *o* government upon themselves; and open 'Kinglessness,' what we call *anarchy*,—how happy if it be *anarchy plus a street-constable!*—is everywhere the order of the day. Such was the history, from Baltic to Mediterranean, in Italy, France, Prussia, Austria, from end to end of Europe, in those March days of 1848. Since the destruction of the old Roman Empire by inroad of the Northern Barbarians, I have known nothing similar.

"And so, then, there remained no king in Europe; no King except the Public Haranguer, haranguing on barrelhead, in leading-article; or getting himself aggregated into a National Parliament to harangue. And for about four months all France, and to a great degree all Europe, rough-ridden by every species of delirium, except happily the murderous for most part, was a wailing mob, presided over by M. de Lamartine at the Hôtel-de-Ville; a most eloquent fair-spoken literary gentleman, whom thoughtless persons took for a prophet, priest, and heaven-sent evangelist, and whom a wise Yankee friend of mine discerned to be properly 'the first stump-orator in the world, standing too on the highest stump,—for the time.' A sorrowful spectacle to men of reflection, during the time he lasted, that poor M. de Lamartine; with nothing in him but melodious wind and soft soubrette, which he and others took for something divine and not diabolical! Sad enough; the eloquent latest impersonation of Chaos-comes-again; able to talk for itself, and declare persuasively that *it is Cosmos!* However, you have but to wait a little, in such cases; all balloons do and must give up their gas in the pressure of things, and are collapsed in a sufficiently wretched manner before long."

And on these premises the author proceeds to denounce and argue:—

"For universal Democracy, whatever we may think of it, has declared itself as an inevitable fact of the days in which we live; and he who has any chance to instruct, or lead, in his days must begin by admitting that: new street-barricades, and new anarchies, still more scandalous if still

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less sanguinary, must return and again return, till governing persons everywhere know and admit that. Democracy, it may be said everywhere, is here:—for sixty years now, ever since the grand or *First French Revolution*, that fact has been terribly announced to all the world; in message after message, some of them very terrible indeed; and now at last all the world ought really to believe it. That the world does believe it; that even Kings now as good as believe it, and know, or with just terror surmise, that they are but temporary phantasm Playactors, and that Democracy is the grand, alarming, imminent and indisputable Reality: this, among the scandalous phases we witnessed in the last two years, is a phasis full of hope: a sign that we are advancing closer and closer to the very Problem itself, which it will behove us to solve or die;—that all fighting, and campaigning, and coalitioning in regard to the *existence* of the Problem, is hopeless and superfluous henceforth. The gods have appointed it so; no Pitt, nor body of Pitts or mortal creatures can appoint it otherwise. Democracy, sure enough, is here: one knows not how long it will keep hidden underground even in Russia;—and here in England, though we object to it resolutely in the form of street-barricades and insurrectionary pikes, and decidedly will not open doors to it on those terms, the tramp of its million feet is on all streets and thoroughfares, the sound of its bewildered thousandfold voice is in all writings and speakings, in all thinkings, and modes, and activities of men: the soul that does not now, with hope or terror, discern it, is not the one we address on this occasion. What is Democracy; this huge inevitable Product of the Destinies, which is everywhere the portion of our Europe in these latter days? There lies the question for us! Whence comes it, this universal big black Democracy; whither tends it; what is the meaning of it? A meaning it must have, or it would not be here. If we can find the right meaning of it, we may, wisely submitting or wisely resisting and controlling, still hope to live in the midst of it; if we cannot find the right meaning, if we find only the wrong or no meaning in it, to live will not be possible!—The whole social wisdom of the Present Time is summoned, in the name of the Giver of Wisdom, to make clear to itself, and lay deeply to heart with an eye to strenuous valiant practice and effort, what the meaning of this universal revolt of the European Populations, which calls itself Democracy, and decides to continue permanent, may be."

Mr. Carlyle scoffs at the remedies proposed by Cobden, Walmsley, and O'Connor prescribers.

"Alas!" he exclaims, "it is sad enough that Anarchy is here; that we are not permitted to regret its being here,—for who that had, for this divine Universe, an eye which was human at all, could wish that Shams of any kind, especially that Sham-Kings should continue? No: at all costs, it is to be prayed by all men that Shams may cease. Good Heavens, to what depths have we got, when this to many a man seems strange! Yet strange to many a man it does seem; and to many a solid Englishman, wholesomely digesting his pudding among what are called the cultivated classes, it seems strange exceedingly; a mad ignorant notion, quite heterodox, and big with mere ruin. He has been used to decent forms long since fallen empty of meaning, to plausible modes, solemnities grown ceremonial,—what you in your iconoclast humour call shams,—all his life long; never heard that there was any harm in them, that there was any getting on without them. Did not cotton spin itself, beef grow, and groceries and spiceries come in from the East and the West, quite comfortably by the side of shams? Kings reigned, what they were pleased to call reigning; lawyers pleaded, bishops preached, and honourable members perforated; and, to crown the whole, as if it were all real and no sham there, did not scrip continue saleable, and the

banker pay in bullion, or paper with a metallic basis? 'The greatest sham, I have always thought, is he that would destroy shams.' . . . 'Set up a Parliament,' the Nations everywhere say, when the old King is detected to be a Sham-King, and hunted out or not; 'set up a Parliament; let us have suffrages, universal suffrages; and all either at once or by due degrees will be right, and a real Millenium come!' Such is their way of constraining the matter. Such, alas, is by no means my way of constraining the matter; if it were, I should have had the happiness of remaining silent, and been without call to speak here. It is because the contrary of all this is deeply manifest to me, and appears to be forgotten by multitudes of my contemporaries, that I have had to undertake addressing a word to them. . . . If a Parliament, with suffrages and universal or any conceivable kind of suffrages, is the method, then certainly let us set about discovering the kind of suffrages, and rest no moment till we have got them. But it is possible a Parliament may not be the method! Possible the inveterate notions of the English People may have settled it as the method, and the Everlasting Laws of Nature may have settled it as not the method! Not the whole method; nor the method at all, if taken as the whole? If a Parliament with never such suffrages is *not* the method settled by this latter authority, then it will urgently behove us to become aware of that fact, and to quit such method;—we may depend upon it, however unanimous we be, every step taken in that direction will, by the Eternal Law of things, be a step from improvement, not towards it. Not towards it, I say, if so! Unanimity of voting,—that will do nothing for us if so. Your ship cannot double Cape Horn by its excellent plans of voting. The ship may vote this and that, above decks and below, in the most harmonious exquisitely constitutional manner: the ship, to get round Cape Horn, will find a set of conditions already voted for, and fixed with adamantine rigour, by the ancient Elemental Powers, who are entirely careless how you vote. If you can, by voting or without voting, ascertain these conditions, and valiantly conform to them, you will get round the Cape: if you cannot,—the ruffian Winds will blow you ever back again; the inexorable Icebergs, dull privy-councillors from Chaos, will nudge you with most chaotic 'admonition'; you will be flung half-frozen on the Patagonian cliffs, or admonished into shivers by your iceberg councillors, and sent sheer down to Davy Jones, and will never get round Cape Horn at all! Unanimity on board ship,—yes, indeed, the ship's crew may be very unanimous, which, doubtless, for the time being, will be very comfortable to the ship's crew, and to their Phantasm Captain, if they have one; but if the tack they unanimously steer upon is guiding them into the belly of the Abyss, it will not profit them much!—Ships accordingly do not use the ballot-box at all; and they reject the Phantasm species of Captains: one wishes much some other Entities,—since all entities lie under the same rigorous set of laws,—could be brought to show as much wisdom, and sense at least of self-preservation, the first command of Nature. Phantasm Captains with unanimous votings: this is considered to be all the law and all the prophets, at present. . . . Historically speaking, I believe there was no Nation that could subsist upon Democracy. Of ancient Republics, and *Demoi* and *Populi*, we have heard much; but it is now pretty well admitted to be nothing to our purpose;—a universal-suffrage republic, or a general-suffrage one, or any but a most limited-suffrage one, never came to light, or dreamed of doing so. . . . Of America it would ill beseem any Englishman, and me perhaps as little as another, to speak unkindly, to speak *unpatriotically*, if any of us even felt so. Sure enough, America is a great, and in many respects a blessed and hopeful phenomenon. Sure enough, these hardy millions of Anglosaxon men

prove themselves worthy of their genealogy; and with the axe and plough and hammer, if not yet with any much finer kind of implements, are triumphantly clearing out wide spaces, seedbeds for the future history of the world;—doing, in their day and generation, a creditable and cheering feat under the sun. But as to a Model Republic, or a model anything, the wise among themselves know too well that there is nothing to be said. Nay, the title hitherto to be a Commonwealth or Nation at all, among the *étoiles* of the world, is strictly considered, still a thing they are but striving for, and indeed have not yet done much towards attaining. Their Constitution, such as it may be, was made here, not there; went over with them from the Old-Puritan English workshop, ready-made. Deduct what they carried with them from England ready-made, their common English Language, and that same Constitution, or rather elixir of constitutions, their inveterate and now, as it were, inborn reverence for the Constable's Staff; two quite immense attainments, which England had to spend much blood, and valiant sweat of brow and brain, for centuries long, in achieving;—and what new elements of polity or nationhood, what noble new phasis of human arrangement, or social device worthy of Prometheus or of Epimetheus, yet comes to light in America? Cotton-crops and Indian corn and dollars come to light; and half a world of untilled land, where populations that respect the constable can live, for the present, *without Government*: this comes to light; and the profound sorrow of all nobler hearts, hero uttering itself as silent patient unspeakable emu, there coming out as vague elegiac wailings, that there is still next to nothing more. 'Anarchy plus street-constable': that also is anarchic to me, and other than quite lovely! I foresee too, that, long before the waste lands are full, the very street-constable, on these poor terms, will have become impossible: without the waste lands, as here in our Europe, I do not see how he could continue possible many weeks. Cease to brag to me of America, and its model institutions and constitutions. To men in their sleep there is nothing granted in this world: nothing, or as good as nothing, to men that sit idly *caucusing*, and ballooning on the graves of their heroic ancestors, saying, 'It is well, it is well!' Corn and bacon are granted: not a very sublime boon, on such conditions; a boon moreover which, on such conditions, cannot last! No: America too will have to strain its energies, in quite other fashion than this; to crack its sinews, and all but break its heart, as the rest of us have had to do, in this sandfield wrestle with the Pythons and mud-demons, before it can become a habitation for the gods. America's battle is yet to fight; and a sorrowful though nothing doubting, will wish her strength for it. New Spiritual Pythons, plenty of them; enormous Megatherions, as ugly as we ever born of mud, loom huge and hideous out of the twilight Future on America; and she will have her own agony, and her own victory, in other terms than she is yet quite aware of. Hitherto she but ploughs and hammers, in a very successful manner; hitherto, in spite of her 'rouge goose with apple sauce,' she is not much. 'Rouge goose with apple sauce for the poorest working man': well, surely that is something,—thanks to your respect for the street-constable, and to your continents of fertile waste land;—but that, even if it could continue, is by no means enough; she is not even an instalment towards what will be required of you. My friend, brag not yet of our American cousins! Their quantity of cotton dollars, industry, and resources, I believe to be almost unspeakable; but I can by no means worship the like of these. What great human thing one could worship, or loyally admire, has you produced there? None; the Ameri-

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cousins have yet done none of these things, 'What they have done?' growls Smelfungus, tired of the subject: 'They have doubled their population every twenty years. They have gotten, with a rapidity beyond recorded example, Eighteen Millions of the greatest *borees* ever seen in this world before:—that, hitherto, is their feat in History!—And so we leave them, for the present; and cannot predict the success of Democracy, on this side of the Atlantic, from their example.'

So bad is the best; but we must hurry on. The Free principle is hugely ridiculed, and scouted as the cutting asunder of human relations wherever they are found grievous; free without bond or connection, but cash payments! The theme of wages is also dismissed with remarkable illustrations:

'Thirty thousand wretched women, sunk in that purifying well of abominations; they have oozed upon London, from the universal Stygian quagmire of British industrial life; are accumulated in the *well* of the concern, to that extent. British charity is smitten to the heart, at the laying bare of such a scene; passionately undertakes, by enormous subscription of money, or by other enormous effort, to redress that individual horror, as I and all men hope it may. But, alas, what next? This general well and cesspool once baled clean out to-day, will begin before night to fill itself anew. The universal Stygian quagmire is still there; opulent in women ready to be ruined, and in men ready. Towards the same sad cesspool will these waste currents of human ruin ooze and gravitate as heretofore; except in draining the universal quagmire itself there is no remedy. And for that, what is the method?' cry many in an angry manner. To whom, for the present, I answer only, 'Not emancipation, it would seem, my friends, not the cutting loose of human ties, something far the reverse of that! Many things have been written about shirtmaking; but here perhaps is the saddest thing of all, not written anywhere till now, that I know of. Shirts by the thirty thousand are made at twopence-halfpenny each; and in the meanwhile no needlewoman, distressed or other, can be procured in London by any housewife to give, for fair wages, fair help in sewing. Ask any thrifty house-mother, high or low, and she will answer. In high houses and in low, there is the same answer: *No real needlewoman, 'distressed' or other, has been found attainable in any of the houses I frequent.* Imaginary needlewomen, who demand considerable wages, and have a deepish appetite for beer and viands. I hear of everywhere; but their sewing proves too often a distracted puckering and botching: not sewing, only the fallacious hope of it, a fond imagination of the mind. Good sempstresses are to be hired in every village; and in London, with its furnishing thirty thousand, not at all, or hardly. Is not No-government beautiful in human business? To such length has the Leave-alone principle carried it, by way of organising labour, in this affair of shirtmaking. Let us hope the Leave-alone principle has now got its apotheosis, and taken wing towards higher regions than those to date henceforth with a class of affairs more appropriate for it.'

'When shall we have done with all this of British Liberty, Voluntary Principle, Dangers of Centralisation, and the like? It is really getting too bad. For British Liberty, it seems, the people cannot be taught to read. British Liberty, shuddering to interfere with the rights of capital, takes six or eight millions of money annually to feed the idle labourer whom it dare not employ. For British Liberty we live over poisonous cesspools, gully-drains, and detestable abominations; and omnipotent London cannot sweep the dirt out of itself. British Liberty produces—what? Floods of Hansard Debates every year, and apparently little else at present. If these are the results of British Liberty, I, for one, move we should lay it on

the shelf a little, and look out for something other and farther. We have achieved British Liberty hundreds of years ago; and are fast growing, on the strength of it, one of the most absurd populations the Sun, among his great Museum of Absurdities, looks down upon at present.' Curious enough: the model of the world just now is England and her Constitution; all Nations striving towards it; poor France swimming these last sixty years in seas of horrid dissolution and confusion, resolute to attain this blessedness of free voting, or to die in chase of it. Prussia too, solid Germany itself, has all broken out into crackling of musketry, loud pamphleteering and Frankfort parliamenting and palavering; Germany too will scale the sacred mountains, how steep soever, and, by talisman of ballotbox, inhabit a political Elysium henceforth. All the Nations have that one hope. Very notable; and rather sad to the humane onlooker. For it is sadly conjectured, all the Nations labour somewhat under a mistake as to England, and the causes of her freedom and her prosperous cotton-spinning; and have much misread the nature of her Parliament, and the effect of ballotboxes and universal-suffrages there. What if it were because the English Parliament was from the first, and is only just now ceasing to be, a Council of actual Rulers, real Governing Persons (called Peers, Mitred Abbots, Lords, Knights of the Shire, or howsoever called), actually *ruling* each his section of the country,—and possessing (it must be said) in the lump, or when assembled as a Council, uncommon patience, devoutness, probity, discretion and good fortune,—that the said Parliament ever came to be good for much? In that case it will not be easy to 'imitate' the English Parliament; and the ballotbox and suffrage will be the mere bow of Robin Hood, which it is given to very few to bend, or shoot with to any perfection. And if the Peers become mere big Capitalists, Railway Directors, gigantic Hucksters, Kings of Srip, *without lordly quality, or other virtue except cash*; and the Mitred Abbots change to mere Able-Editors, masters of Parliamentary Eloquence, Doctors of Political Economy, and suchlike; and all have to be elected by a universal-suffrage ballotbox—I do not see how the English Parliament itself will long continue sea-worthy! Nay, I find England, in her own big dumb heart, wherever you come upon her in a silent meditative hour, begins to have dreadful misgivings about it. The model of the world, then, is at once unattainable by the world, and not much worth attaining?'

From all these crying evils and threatenings of destruction, is there any chance of relief or salvation?

'England (says our author), as I persuade myself, still contains in it many kings; possesses, as Old Rome did, many men not needing 'election' to command, but eternally elected for it by the Maker himself. England's one hope is in these, just now. They are among the silent, I believe; mostly far away from platforms and public palaverings; not speaking forth the image of their nobleness in transitory words, but imprinting it, each on his own little section of the world, in silent facts, in modest valiant actions, that will endure for evermore. They must sit silent no longer. They are summoned to assert themselves; to act forth, and articulately vindicate, in the teeth of howling multitudes, of a world too justly maddened into all manner of delirious clamours, what of wisdom they derive from God. England, and the Eternal Voices, summon them; poor England never so needed them as now. Up, be doing everywhere: the hour of crisis is verily come! In all sections of English life, the godmade king is needed; is pressingly demanded in most; in some, cannot longer, without peril as of conflagration, be dispensed with. He, wheresoever he finds himself, can say, 'Here too am I wanted; here is the kingdom I have to subjugate, and introduce God's Laws into.—God's Laws, instead of Mammon's

and M'Croudy's, and the Old Anarch's! Here is my work, here or nowhere.'—Are there many such, who will answer to the call, in England? It turns on that, whether England, rapidly crumbling in these very years and months, shall go down to the Abyss as her neighbours have all done, or survive to new grander destinies without solution of continuity! Probably the chief question of the world at present."

Whether this invocation can or will be answered, we know not: we are only exhibiting the opinions of Thomas Carlyle.

"And surely (he adds), on the other hand, there is no lack of men needing to be commanded: the sad class of brother men whom we had to describe as 'Hodge's emancipated horses,' reduced to roving famine,—this too has in all countries developed itself; and, in fatal geometrical progression is ever more developing itself, with a rapidity which alarms every one. On this ground, if not on all manner of other grounds, it may be truly said, the 'Organisation of Labour' (*not* organisable by the mad methods tried hitherto) is the universal vital Problem of the world.

"To bring these hordes of outcast captainless soldiers under due captaincy? This is really the question of questions; on the answer to which turns, among other things, the fate of all Governments, constitutional and other,—the possibility of their continuing to exist, or the impossibility Captainless, uncommanded, these wretched outcast 'soldiers,' since they cannot starve, must needs become banditti, street-barricaders,—destroyers of every Government that cannot put them under captains, and send them upon enterprises, and in short render life human to them. Our English plan of Poor Laws, which we once piqued ourselves upon as sovereign, is evidently fast breaking down. Ireland, now admitted into the Idle Workhouse, is rapidly bursting it in pieces. That never was a 'human' destiny for any honest son of Adam; nowhere but in England could it have lasted at all; and now, with Ireland sharer in it, and the fulness of time come, it is as good as ended."

And he goes on,—

"To whatever thing still calls itself by the name of Government, were it never so constitutionally impeded by official impossibilities, all men will naturally look for help, and direction what to do, in this extremity. If help or direction is not given; if the thing called Government merely drift and tumble to and fro, now hither, on the popular vortexes, like some carcass of a drowned ass, constitutionally put 'at the top of affairs,'—popular indignation will infallibly accumulate upon it; one day, the popular lightning, descending forked and horrible from the black air, will annihilate said supreme carcass, and smite it home to its native ooze again!—Your Lordship, this is too true, though irreverently spoken: indeed one knows not how to speak of it; and to me it is infinitely sad and miserable, spoken or not!—Unless perhaps the Voluntary Principle will still help us through? Perhaps this Irish leak, in such a rotten distressed condition of the Ship, with all the crew so anxious about it, will be kind enough to stop of itself?—

"Dismiss that hope, your Lordship! Let all real and imaginary Governors of England, at the pass we have arrived at, dismiss for ever that fallacious fatal solace to their domothingism: of itself, too clearly, the leak will never stop; by human skill and energy it must be stopped, or there is nothing but the sea-bottom for us all!"

An imaginary speech from the Government, utterly unlike that delivered on Thursday, embodies the ideas we have indicated, and others we must leave to readers, and concludes this pamphlet, which, from the foregoing quotations, will, we think, be considered as justly meriting the description we have given, and the epithet we have bestowed,—'Extraordinary!' Work for all, and sufficient provision for all who work, is the grand Panacea;

and the author deems both to be perfectly within the accomplishment of wise Rulers and just and wise rule.

AMERICA, PAINTED BY A LADY.
Hesperos: or, Travels in the West. By Mrs. Houston. 2 vols. Parker.

"HESPEROS" is a poetical and taking title. It means America, and a star by any other name would not look as bright in the United States' galaxy, to which the lone asterisk of Texas (to which the writer's former work pertained) has been superadded. But even the common-place title of "America" might have done to attract notice; for though we have had abundance of travels and publications respecting that country, there have been none (except Sir C. Lyell's) very recently, and the interest which attaches to its continual growth and constant mutations must always render accounts of it popular with the British public.

Neither does it lose in the hands of Mrs. Houston, whose antecedents render her views different from those of the masculine, the political, the scientific, the artistic, the disappointed, or the professional author. She is of another genus: accomplished, accustomed to elegancies, and, to say the truth in a word, of the Fine Lady and Silver-fork class. Nevertheless, she traversed the Union for thousands of miles with Amazonian spirit; pegged away with two-pronged, and even single-pronged iron forks, concealed her disgusts, roughed it in steamers and wild "Hoe-tels," and put up with all sorts of inconveniences and annoyances as bravely as if she had been a Washer or Charwoman. A taste of her quality in these respects may be acquired by her description of the hotel at Pittsburgh, and a comparison, by no means flattering, and we do not think just, with very comfortable inns in her own country.

"We did at last contrive to reach it, and were at once convinced that such an hotel would not have been out of place in the oldest and dirtiest manufacturing city in the world. It was a great wide-spreading, open-mouthed building, lighted from top to bottom with most unpleasantly-smelling gas, and noisy and bustling waiters and fliprant chambermaids. We were shown into large lofty gloomy rooms, with dingy red curtains and carpets, and looking as if the dust and dirt, with which they were incrusted, had been accumulating on them for a century at least. Take that hotel altogether, it was the oddest looking thing of any kind I had yet seen in America, and so complete was the illusion contained in the venerable sights, sounds, and smells of the place, that I found it difficult to believe I was actually in the new city of Pittsburgh on the Monongahala, and not in the 'Hen and Chickens,' or some such place in Birmingham or Leeds."

Our hosts of Birmingham and Leeds will hold such criteria to deserve the appellation of "odious," and Hens and Chickens throughout the land repel the unmerited scandal. But the passage quoted will indicate the character of "Hesperos" throughout; and that being all we want with it, we "progress" at once across the Atlantic, and stop for an ice after our voyage. "About a mile from Auburn (where) is 'Fresh-pond,' the magnificent lake of pure water to which the London world are so deeply indebted for its liberal supply of 'Wenham Ice,' the clearest and most beautiful in the world. It is a very pretty spot, and indebted to nature for many a rural charm and pleasant prospect. The ice is cut into blocks, twenty-two inches square, by means of a machine invented expressly for the purpose, and called an ice-cutter. It is then packed in sawdust and sent all over the world." Our author does not seem to be aware that by far the largest portion of it which is sold in London, is manufactured on the pot!!

And now she begins those remarks to which

we have alluded as the most novel on the subject; and as she passes the American ladies before "the glass of fashion," we shall address ourselves chiefly to these and other feminine traits as our examples of the work. Of Boston this is her sketch:—

"I must confess, for my own part, that the great *want* I felt at Boston, was that of finding something, or somebody to laugh *at*, or failing that, to laugh with. But the thing was impossible. I never saw people so little curious about other folk's matters, or so imperturbably and seriously engrossed with their own in my life. As for the *table-d'hôte* dinner (*alias* ordinary), it was, without exception, the most gloomy banquet it was ever my bad fortune to assist at. Milk in glass jugs was placed by each guest, and the 'strong men,' having bolted large quantities of the meat fit for them, washed it down with large draughts of the 'food for babes,' and, as might be expected, seemed in no way enlivened thereby. After a very cursory examination (for we only dined twice at the 'ladies' ordinary') of the component parts of the society assembled at the Pavilion Hotel, I decided that, far from being surprised at the want of *life* and good fellowship which they displayed, it would rather be more odd were it otherwise. What can possibly be expected in the way of friskiness from the descendants of *Englishmen*, who had been transplanted to a soil and climate still more ungenial than their own, and whose children have been for two centuries exclusively occupied by business and mercantile affairs? What, I ask, could you expect from such a beginning but—a YANKEE?

"The ladies' saloon was very fully occupied all the time we were in the hotel. It was a large, well-proportioned apartment, with a good many rocking-chairs sprinkled about, on which the fair occupants sat and swung themselves for hours together, after the manner of restless and uneasy parrots in their huge brazen rings. The young ladies looked just as *désœuvres*, and were quite as noisy and were very nearly as gaudy. I scarcely ever did more than look at them on my way to my own apartment, and I invariably saw them on the same chairs, and in the same attitudes, doing nothing, and apparently thinking as little. Some of them were very pretty, and delicate-looking, and, moreover, would have been well-dressed, if they could have contented themselves with fewer colours. If I could summon up a wish about them, it would be, that they would pitch their voice in a lower key, and if possible not speak through their noses. Why is it, that, throughout 'the whole of this vast continent,' the nasal twang should invariably prevail? I have given up trying to account for this peculiarity, and greatly fear I shall go to my grave without being enlightened on this interesting branch of physiology. I have heard that the same manner of speaking prevails in New Holland, in quite as remarkable degree." At Albany, the Temperance Hotel affords little satisfaction, though the rooms and toilet arrangements are worthy of England; and the writer branches out into national characteristics. "But a gong," she says, "summoned us to the dining saloon directly after our arrival. It was an immense room, containing two long tables, and more than a hundred people. The meal was a compound of dinner, tea, and supper. Huge beefsteaks (I often wondered how they came to be so large, for they looked like half-a-dozen fastened into one, flatwise) smoked on a metal dish, with fire beneath it, and Mr. Delevan himself sat at the head of the table, and carved out gigantic lumps for his guests with incredible rapidity. The quantity and variety of other comestibles, including roast chickens, mutton-chops, sweetmeats, stewed oysters, eggs, and pumpkin pies, were as marvelous as the celerity with which it all disappeared from the surface of the table. As usual, it was all washed down with milk, and then each person

pushed his chair back *gratingly* on the uncarpeted floor, put his *quid* into his mouth again, and walked off. The attendants were numerous, and almost all of sombre hue. Their dress contrasted finely with the shining black of their complexions, being composed of snow-white *vests* and *pants*; in our language, they were clothed in white in the manner of waistcoats and pantaloons.

"The ladies' saloon is by many of the uninformed supposed to be unapproachable ground, and quite sacred from the intrusion of the male species. 'No admission either on business or pleasure' is supposed by some misguided travellers in America to be the motto of their *reserved* and *exclusive* 'females.' I can, however, assure them to the contrary; and can venture to assert, that even if gentlemen are not sufficiently provident of their own comfort to travel with a female relation, (in which case they become without question asked honorary members of the ladies' community) they will enjoy the privilege of *entry* equally well, by acting as escort, real or nominal, to any *female* acquaintance they may possess. These little arrangements are by no means uncommon when travelling in the United States. It is here not at all unusual for ladies to travel alone, nor is it considered as *contre les bienséances* for them to avail themselves of the escort of any polite stranger they may happen to meet with on the journey.

"The pianoforte in the ladies' saloon at Delavan's Hotel seemed to be in great request; for we underwent a constant succession of noisy songs till one o'clock in the morning. The burning of the sulphurous *anthracite* coal, and the suffocating atmosphere produced by its fumes, and by the universal use of close stoves, is altogether very disagreeable. The high temperature of their apartments, and their unhealthy mode of heating them, are, I have no doubt, some of the causes to which we may attribute the pale looks and sunken jaws of the Americans. From the first hour after our landing, I had been struck with the absence of healthy colour in individuals of both sexes and of all classes. It is very rare to see an American with a clear, fresh complexion, and still more uncommon to find one who is possessed of good or white teeth; and as for the children, taking into consideration *their* pallid faces, and generally unthriven appearance, it is almost a subject for wonder that they do not grow up into 'humans' still more blighted-looking than the full-grown men actually are. I quite longed to see a rosy-cheeked child, and was still more anxious to prevent the little miserable animals from eating the quantity of unwholesome food in which their parents and guardians allowed them to indulge. The young free-born citizens of the Union seemed to me to be seldom occupied in any other way than in devouring raw apples or hickory nuts; and it is highly probable that (even if it were possible to convince their papas and mammas that such a proceeding causes many of the depressing complaints to which so many of them are subject) no efforts to induce the children to give up the obnoxious habit would be resorted to. The coercive system in America is too unpopular to be used even with their own children, and from their earliest infancy the watchwords of 'liberty,' 'equality,' and 'fraternity' are understood, as far as they can be, and reasoned upon by the young Republicans.

"I believe that the Americans themselves do not dispute the fact, that (as a race) they are considerably inferior in physical strength to their ancestors. That the 'Anglo-Saxon' breed has degenerated, as far as outward appearance goes, is undeniable; but why it is so it is impossible to say. It is, perhaps, still more difficult to account for the different breeds of English sheep becoming invariably in America wretched animals instead of fine ones. It is, in fact, quite as unusual a sight to meet a really fine-looking man in New

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England as it is to taste a good leg of mutton. The biped grows up long, thin, and weedy, with hollow cheeks, narrow shoulders, small hands and feet, and a good deal of nose: as for the woolly animal, there is no apparent reason why it should not retain its peculiar characteristics of 'Leicestershire' or 'Southdown' to the end of time; but it does not, and though the greatest care and attention are paid them — though the parent stock is imported from England, and not unfrequently their own shepherds also — though turnips are grown for their support in winter, and no expense is spared by the New England farmer to keep up the breed in perfection — nothing succeeds. The experiment has been tried in the barren soil of New England, in the fertile valleys of Kentucky, and also in the wild mountains of Georgia, and always, I have been told, with the same ill success. . . . In mentioning the physical changes which climate, or other causes to us unknown, have worked in the bodily formation of the Americans, the smallness of their hands and feet must not be forgotten. It is true that the whole race, generally speaking, give one an idea of their having been *whittled* away into the human *lathe* which they unquestionably are now. But, whittling, or no whittling, the result is, that the ladies (*chaussées* by Jacob and Melnotte) have the most lovely little feet in the world, and white taper fingers equally seductive; while the hands and feet of a great weedy Yankee would seem more compatible with the frames of the diminutive titmice of cockney celebrity." — At Rochester it is *semper eadem*, which a worthy friend of ours used to translate "worse and worse." "We," (says Mrs. H.) "took up our quarters at the 'Eagle Hotel,' a large, overgrown, wooden building, but which, notwithstanding its huge dimensions, we found full even to overflowing. It was 'court time,' as the assizes here are denominated, and young judges (every lawyer seemed to be a judge) were busting about, not exactly in wigs and gowns, but with as much importance as if they wore them, and as much apparent haste in their movements as I have seen displayed by our own young barristers in a county town in England. There was no getting out of their way: at every turn they jostled and hustled one another in the long passages of the hotel; and it was impossible to go a yard without encountering a busy-looking, eager young gentlemen, with a bundle of papers — not a blue bag — under his arm, and an air of defiance on his brow. There seemed, indeed, to be a considerable call for the exercise of their talents; and of this we were made aware on our first entrance into our sleeping apartments. On the doors, notices were painted in large white letters, warning all 'guests' to lock their bed-rooms previous to retiring to rest. The caution is by no means an unnecessary one, as thieves and pickpockets, all of whom are extremely expert in the exercise of their profession, abound in the United States. . . . The notices affixed in conspicuous places at the several *de-pots*, are very significant of the class of gentry who overrun the States; there, as you enter, you see in large characters, 'Beware of pickpockets'; and at Boston, we were told, that the greatest care and caution were required to protect one's property while travelling in the States. It is said, and there seems no reason to doubt it, that America is indebted to the human importations from the Old World for the possession of these light-fingered gentry. The depredators are, I believe, for the most part, London thieves, who, finding their own country a somewhat dangerous residence, have crossed the water on speculation: and notwithstanding the proverbial acuteness of the Yankee character, not a few of these adventurers have succeeded in realizing considerable sums."

Travelling on per steamer to New York, we read, "Some New York families had been picked up at their villas at Poughkeepsie, and other

places on the river, and were returning to the city for 'the season.' Many of these were *distingué* and unexceptionable in dress, manners, and appearance: ladies, of whose *ladyhood* it would be impossible to doubt. But let them do anything but speak, anything but drawl forth their words, and scream out their surprise, and say 'What?' and 'Ay,' and 'Ha aw,' in a lengthened tone, of which it would be impossible to convey an adequate idea. This is a great pity, for the American ladies are often agreeable, and almost always well read; indeed, I have every reason to think that they are superior to us in general knowledge and erudition, as they are in acuteness of observation. All these good gifts are, however, marred by a want of softness of manner, and by a deficiency of those 'good gifts which grace a gentlewoman.' The 'guessing' and 'expecting' are also by no means confined to the gentlemen; and the frequent use of those favourite verbs would, in my opinion, spoil the charm of any conversation."

Of course, similar incongruities and deficiencies are found even in New York itself, and Mrs. Houston observes: "A great deal has been said in praise of the 'beauties' who are to be met with in Broadway; indeed, I have heard it asserted, even by Englishmen, that there are more beautiful faces to be seen during a walk through that street than in any other place in the world. One reason for this may be that there are *more* female faces to be seen; for it is only in American cities that you see the principal street literally thronged with ladies, and it would indeed be strange if, amongst all these numbers, *many* were not to be found possessed of a sufficient degree of attraction to justify these encomiums. In Broadway, during the fashionable period of the day, ladies in parties of two and three, may be met with every second, and as their complexions are generally good, and their dress, at least, not deficient in *showiness*, their *toute ensemble* is often sufficiently attractive. The total absence of all appearance of shyness in these perambulating ladies may also partly account for some of the admiration that has been so liberally bestowed upon them; but whatever the cause, they certainly arrogate to themselves the palm of beauty, and I have not often heard their claim to disputed. It is, however, equally true that the reign of their charms is as short as it is brilliant. In America, it would be considered absurd to talk of a lady possessing a single attraction after thirty, so accustomed are they in this country to witness the early decline of youth and loveliness. During their daily promenades, the New York ladies are rarely attended by a gentleman, and never by a servant. It is, perhaps, to this remarkable independence of character and habits that they are indebted for the perfect self-possession and total absence of shyness which must be obvious to every one. To many, this would destroy the effect of half the charms they possess; not so, I imagine, with their own countrymen, for I have heard them boast of this very characteristic as a proof of the perfect freedom from prejudice on the part of the ladies of their country, and also of their conviction that there was no reason for them to be 'ashamed of themselves!'

The dress of the New York ladies is generally overdone, gaudy, and inappropriate; it is also costly and *extravagant* to the greatest degree; and to spend a large proportion of their husband's hard-earned gains in the purchase of Parisian finery, seems to be one of their great pleasures. The price of every article of dress is nearly treble what it is in either London or Paris; and when it is taken into consideration that they *dress* much more than it is the custom to do in either of the above capitals, the tremendous drain upon the dollars may be, in some degree, appreciated. Such feathers as I have seen in Broadway! — pink, blue, and red, and floating high in air on the

winds of a cold November day. And then the satin gowns, of light and conspicuous colours, and the splendid velvets of every hue — and all this to walk in one of the dirtiest main streets in the world; the object of their promenade (always excepting the primary one of seeing and being seen) being, in all probability, to cheapen groceries in a huckster's store. . . . I was surprised to find that they have their *Court Guide*, even in New York, and that for one sixpence there could be purchased a 'true and correct list of all the wealthy citizens and merchants of New York.' In this comprehensive volume was to be found, not only their places of abode, but the amount of their fortunes specified; in this style: Mr. Jonathan —, No. —, Broadway, formerly of Charleston, dry goods merchant; fortune 200,000 dols. Their only private ambition seems now to be that of surpassing their neighbours in the extravagance of their entertainments, and in the ostentatious magnificence of their habitations. . . . With them (the younger and unmarried ladies) matrimony is as much a matter of business as an operation in cottons or railroad shares is to their parents. It would be quite a pity if, with the capacity possessed by the fair Americans for driving a bargain, the softer feelings were often allowed to interfere and spoil the *operation*. A partner at a ball, who has chanced to receive encouragement as the owner of a *pair* of horses, is speedily discarded for one with *four*, and he, in like manner, must stand aside if the possessor of a still larger stud should chance to present himself. You will, I know, be ready to tell me that this pernicious system is not confined to the Americans, but that all over the world, wherever there is civilisation, there will be heartless ambition and a love of empty show. It is, however, not everywhere that it is all so publicly manifest as in America; with us, the vice, though, alas! too well-known to exist, is, nevertheless, generally reprobated, and is not allowed to stalk unreproved and *unsanitized* through all our ball-rooms and in our streets. In Broadway (talking of streets), this peculiarity fully accounted to me for the want of retiring modesty in the countenances and deportments of most of the pretty pedestrians there collected. And what other result can be expected when young girls are thus prematurely launched into an independent career? What but hardihood of demeanour and unfeminine ease of manner? They are early thrown into the society of the young of the other sex, without being subjected to any restraint, or being taught that there is a *retenue* of manner which is generally considered as absolutely necessary to ensure respect and consideration in society. No warning whisper from an anxious mother is heard, hinting to them that it is time to *stop*, when gay and girlish spirits may have led them, perchance, to the *overstep* the bounds of strict decorum — what wonder, then, that the 'laugh without any control,' should be so much too often heard, and that romping giddy girls should become dressy, uncompanionable wives, and negligent and careless mothers. In any other country in the world but this, worse consequences would much more frequently follow this extremely *decouzu* manner of acting. It may be that America's sons are 'so good or so old,' that they are not to be tempted by 'woman,' whatever they may be by 'gold'; or it may be that they are too busy for mischief to arise; however this may be, it is an undoubted fact that a young and pretty girl may travel alone, with perfect safety, from Maine to Missouri, and will meet with nothing but respect and attention the whole way. I wonder of what other country such a remark could be made, with any degree of truth?"

There is much more in the same pleasant vein; but we reserve further traits of the picture for another number, when we shall accompany Mrs. Houston in her rambles amongst, and strictures upon the Yankees.

NEW NOVELS.

Our Guardian: a Novel. By Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel, Author of the "Poor Cousin," &c. 3 Vols. Newby.

This is a story of the sombre class; for there is little of sunshine on the life of any of the characters. The darkness is brought on by imprudences, or vices, and the lesson is impressed, that all the comparative happiness of which humanity is susceptible can only be attained by blameless conduct, and reference to a power above our own passions, to control and regulate them. It begins sermonically for a few pages, but soon awakes us to interesting persons and interesting scenes. Like "The Wilmingtons," it also commences with children, and, like "Jane Eyre," with a boarding school, in which a certain admirable character, Mabel Clifden, may have been suggested by the latter novel. The events, however, group round a family of the name of Arundel, the three young daughters of which are sent for a season to this seminary, whilst the father, a government official, and their mother, many years his junior, travel for her health. The girls are of different natures; the eldest, Lilius, very lovely, and satisfied with the adulation she inspires; the youngest, Nelly, of timid sensibility, and the other, Ina or Tamzine, the heroine, a resolute and self-willed creature, even from her earliest years. Her twin-brother, Clancy, is of much the same temper, which has not, however, so much influence on the conduct of the piece as the determination of his sister.

At the school, where, we may observe, there is a continuation of her precocity, kept well in countenance by the preoccupation of her school-girl companions and a boy-lover, friend of her brother's, she commits an act of indiscretion, meeting the latter by descending from her bed-chamber window to the orchard, at midnight, which brings the first cloud on her career, and gives a foretaste of what is to come. An account of this school and its inmates will afford as amusing an example as we could detect of the author's talents:—

"Of our dear schoolmistress herself I scarcely know how to speak, for I loved her so truly, and owe her such deep debt of gratitude for her constant and unwearying kindness, even under circumstances that were peculiarly calculated to try it, that I would fain draw a veil over the faults and weaknesses of her character.

"But the truth must be told. She was in no way calculated for the situation she filled. Her judgment was woefully defective, and this was apparent in her whole conduct; neither were her acquirements such as would have justified her in undertaking the education of others, and, most of the teachers being ill-chosen, there was small chance of the pupils heaping up either wisdom or knowledge. Yet, we certainly heard enough about the former, for Mrs. Osborne made a point of reading the parable of the ten virgins to us at least once every Sunday, generally concluding with an extempore oration on the same subject, which I fear made very little impression upon her hearers—to judge by the suppressed giggling and kicking under the table that usually went on during its progress.

"The rules of the school were mild and easy in the extreme. We rose at six in the summer and seven in the winter, studied for an hour before breakfast, and after that meal till dinner-time. The remainder of the day was devoted to walking and fancy work. Very often, in the long winter evenings, Mrs. Osborne would bring in some entertaining book and read aloud to us, while we sat, with our work, round the long, baize-covered sloping table.

"These evening readings were sometimes exceedingly amusing. Mrs. Osborne of course objected to novels in a general way, but occasionally her librarian would send one of Sir Walter Scott's or Miss Edgeworth's, and if she had no other in the house, we were indulged with this, the reader

taking care to omit every passage that bore the remotest reference to love. Her evasions were generally, however, so awkwardly managed, that we knew perfectly when any passage had been missed, and then a kick, and often a little cough, would go round the table, upon which Mrs. Osborne would look up from her book, and darting her large eyes in every direction, say quietly: "No footing it, lassies, if you please, under the table."

"But the summer was the most enjoyable time, when we could wander about the shady orchard in pairs, or sit with our books and work under the large apple and walnut trees, chatting and laughing with all the *engouement* so peculiar to school-girls when their day's task is over. The teachers seldom interfered with us on these occasions, and thus our conversations were generally quite unworthy of the wise virgins, whose example Mrs. Osborne was ever exhorting us to follow. I speak particularly of the elder girls, who had in fact invented a language of their own, of which they made use to discuss the merits and attractions of the different masters who attended at the school, some of whom, either voluntarily or involuntarily, had contrived to inspire a sentimental attachment in the breasts of their fair pupils.

"Lilius never, of course, made me her confidante, but I discovered, by overhearing a secret conference, that she rather admired the music master, who had been known on two or three occasions to squeeze her fingers, while pretending to place them properly on the instrument. Her bosom friend cherished at this time a sentiment for the drawing-master, a young artist whom Mrs. Osborne had employed from compassion, and who wore very long hair and sighed during the whole hour he was giving his lesson."

This is pleasant sketching; but it is in the pathetic that Mrs. Daniel excels. The death of the elder Arundel is very affecting; but still more so, at a later period, that of the youngest sister Nelly. Of this we shall quote a portion, as a contrast to the foregoing, only premising that Mrs. Arundel has made a second and a bad marriage with Colonel Lennox, a brutal man, and that he, to carry some scheme, has harassed her daughter to death by pressing on her the odious pretensions of a boisterous ruffianly person, known by the familiar name of Tom Patterson. He had, during the evening, been persecuting the gentle girl, as usual, when, to escape, she asks Mabel to sing, and the narrative proceeds:—

"Mabel made no objections—she was not afflicted with a shadow of *mauvaise honte*, and her clear, low voice, without accompaniment, rose and thrilled sweetly through the small but lofty room:

"I'm wearin' awa, Jean,
Like snaw wreaths in thaw, Jean,
I'm wearin' awa to the
Land o' the Leal."

"There's nae sorrow there, Jean—"

She had proceeded thus far in this most beautiful and affecting Scottish ballad, when an hysterical sob from my mother interrupted her, and caused a general movement of alarm. I could not wonder at it, for to me there appeared something strangely ominous in the selection of this song to night, and listening to the touching words, looking at the sweet, fading flower that we had so vainly nursed and tended, was quite enough to explain and justify the unhappy mother's sudden and uncontrollable emotion.

"Gracious powers! what's going to happen now?" exclaimed Colonel Lennox, with all his old impatience. "Is this a portion of the farce or tragedy that is nightly played amongst you pious people? For Heaven's sake, let the crying scenes be introduced in the after-piece, for once, and Tom and myself will make our bows before that comes off."

"Ah, he might scoff and sneer, or rave and swear, but it was all useless now. The flood-gates of grief had been opened in a mother's

heart, and it must be a mightier force than even his, to oppose successfully against this passion's fury. No one heeded the cruel man, at present. There were piercing sounds of woman's agony, wailing and lamentation, and mingling with these was a low, tender voice, like the soft notes of a harp in a raging storm, uttering at intervals, the words, 'mother, dear, dear mother—my own sweet mother!' And then, more confusion came, and was followed by a silence that had in it no breathings of peace.

"But the night hours wore on, and slumber brought temporary forgetfulness to all.

"The angel of sleep was merciful to us that night, and sealed our eye-lids till the morning's dawn. He knew that many a moon would rise and set, many a bright star shine its little hour and disappear, before he visited our pillows with such friendliness again.

"The angel of woe was now to be our guest, and he suffers no gentle comforter in the places where he abides.

"I was awakened by a clap of thunder, that seemed to shake the house. It was then about eight o'clock, and I started up in some alarm, and hastened to the window. A fearful storm was raging, and I could see nothing but pelting rain that formed thick mist as far as the eye could reach. A vivid flash of lightning occasionally revealed with awful distinctness the distant pine-woods, and then left the scene to its former dim and misty gloom. And the thunder rolled above the house, and far away over the hills, and the strong wind blew fiercely, and all the elements appeared engaged in unnatural and deadly warfare.

"I dressed myself quickly and nervously, for it was impossible to look upon such a storm unmoved, and I was just leaving my room, to go to Mabel, when the door opened softly, and nurse, pale and trembling, came in and caught hold of my hands.

"It is very fearful,' I said, thinking the old woman was afraid of the thunder; 'but such violent storms seldom last long.'

"Ah, the storm's bad enough,' she replied, in a strange tone; 'but there's something more than thunder and lightning abroad this morning. That poor lamb's dying, Miss Ina—it's no use trying to keep it from you—but you can't go to her yet.'

"I really did not know, at the moment, whether it was of my mother or Nelly that she spoke. I heard the word 'dying,' and I stood speechless and immovable before my almost equally agitated companion.

"You mustn't give way to your feelings now, miss, if you're to see your poor sister again. She's a deal better off than those that remain behind; and Heaven's the place where we should wish all we love to be in. She's going to her rest, pretty dear—and God forbid that any of us should grudge her what she's been sighing for so long."

The pathos of the whole of this and other death-bed scenes will be felt by every reader; and, together with recommendations of different kinds, will make *Our Guardian* a favourite, especially with the female sex. But we have not said a word about "Our Guardian," the Reverend Lewis Villiers, and the hero of the work. Nor do we intend to do so. Suffice it to hint, that he is the most original of the creations, and plays a part of due prominence in the drama.

Some London fashionable scenes are cleverly drawn. The love of Mordaunt of the Orchard, for Ina, transferred to Lilius, and the results, and many of the minor characters—such as Aunt Tamzine of Cornwall, Mr. Daly, a young Irish beau, &c., and other components, all do credit to the abilities and feelings of the writer, and constitute, on the whole, a novel which deserves to enjoy popularity more than the great majority of its class. One defect in construction is, that the



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forceable points of Ina's mental development are made to hinge on overhearing conversations. Even once, this is not an advisable expedient; but certainly it ought never to be repeated in the same story.

Yet the public will like, and much instruction may be gathered from, *Our Guardian*.

Eadne; or, An Empire in its Fall. By Charles Rowcroft. 3 vols. Boone's.

For ourselves, we have ever found the Roman character very intractable for the development of the passion of love. There is a hardness about it, an unswiftness, and a sternness, which seem incompatible with the gentle softness, the twining facility, and the yielding tenderness of love. Other strong feelings seem to occupy the breasts of the women as well as the men; and poor little Love to be absorbed, as it were, in patriotism, heroism, valour, stoicism, or some other grand idea which can leave room for nothing else. In spite of this drawback—which has made even a Virginia person of third-rate interest to our homely notions—Mr. Rowcroft has constructed a Roman romance, which may remind readers of Valenus, and other successful pictures of a similar kind. He has chosen the striking period when Alaric, the Goth, captured Rome, and hastened the downfall of the empire. An illustrious senator, with a lovely daughter, Eadne, betrothed to Theodosius, a gallant commander, and an attached female attendant, are the principle figures on the Roman side; and, on the other, Alaric, the emperor, Gorcar, a high Gothic chief, who plots for the possession of Eadne, and a villainous Greek spy, named Sinon. Some comic underlings fill up the plot, which ranges between the devoted city and the besiegers' camp. Stratagems, treacheries, battles, imprisonments, and less than hair-breadth 'scapes, keep the story in ceaseless motion; and though we sometimes fancy that neither the language nor the costume is as correct as the German investigators would make them, the situations, dangers, and doings of the parties impart to the whole the glowing principle of action—enough to carry through a historic tale with the great majority of curious readers.

The Petrel: a Tale of the Sea. By a Naval Officer. 3 vols. Colburn.

It is a good while since we have had any specimen in this popular class of fiction. Barker, our "Old Sailor," Marryat, and others, are dead, and some of their naval-literary comrades have left off the pen. *Sic transit gloria navis.* It is, however, the more refreshing to find a newly-joined A. B. candidate in the ranks, and to have work which is truly, from end to end, a Yarn of the Sea. There seems to be no form, condition, or accident of naval life untouched upon. From the Admiral to the loblolly-boy in the Royal Service, there are characters of every colour; and, to complete the circle, there is the East India Company's more pacific shipping, with ladies and families aboard, to vary the scenes of adventure, and super-add female society and love matters to the regular blue-jacket business. Then there are great men-of-war and small clippers; pirates, engagements, storms, accidents, and all that the flood offers for description; whilst the field is not neglected, for parties on shore, for every purpose—sporting, watering, visiting authorities, dancing, dining, &c., &c.—are as often on the *tapis* as the staple affairs belonging to "the Sea" life. In the latter, particularly, the reader is led into strange lands; and, but for the contiguity of the invented portions, the book might be considered as the result of an intelligent voyager's travels in parts but little known. Thus we have, altogether and in various ways, a production of perfect verisimilitude as regards what is done on the Ocean by our ocean-bred compatriots, and of

considerable interest as regards the Novel combinations.

Ellen Clayton; or, the Nomades of the West. By S. D. S. Huyghue. 3 vols. Bentley.

AMERICA, as it was at the close of the 17th and beginning of the 18th centuries, with its Indian population and conflicts on the Canadian frontiers, where the French ruled the land, is here depicted with all the accessories of European settling, savage warfare, burnings, torturings, sufferings, grandeur and wildness of scenery, personal adventure, and all the extraordinary incidents which attended such a condition of life. We presume the writer to be an American, and one who has studied the Red races by residence among them. He has thus been enabled to paint, in vivid colours, the characteristics of a people who are fast passing away; and by uniting these traits to the historical events of an earlier period, and a supposititious story to connect them, formed altogether a striking description which will rivet the interest of readers from beginning to end.

CHINA.

Miscellaneous Notices relating to China. By Sir G. T. Staunton, Bart., M.P. 2nd Edition, 8vo. Murray.

It had been well for us if Sir George Staunton's experience had procured more attention to his enlarged edition in 1822, and his speeches and resolutions in Parliament on the subject of China. Our commerce might in that case have been better regulated, our intercourse improved, and war and bloodshed avoided. But we had notions set up against facts, and theories against actual information; and so it happened that intelligence had to give way to experiment, and the results are now patent. That we might have been better off is sure enough; that we are no worse off is a consequence for which we ought to be thankful.

We need not, however, refer to the past, and our only concern with this new issue may be limited to the introductory observations; and even these references may be short, though everything which comes from Sir George Staunton, every opinion and view on this subject, is of great authority and importance.

"Our present position in China," he remarks, "is generally felt to be a critical one. The next few months may decide whether it be practicable to maintain a mutually-beneficial understanding with that country upon a solid basis, or whether the force of circumstances may not involve us in another sanguinary and protracted conflict with the Chinese race."

"It was one of my leading objects in this volume to record the firm and honourable, and at the same time consistent and conciliating course, by which, during the latter years of their administration, the servants of the East India Company preserved the trade committed to their charge in the midst of all its difficulties and perils. Within a few months after the trade was thrown open, an opposite course, to which both vacillation and temerity have been imputed, brought the unfortunate Lord Napier to a premature grave; and, after a few years of feverish intercourse, led to an open rupture between the two countries, and a three years' war. It is true we at length extorted from the Chinese, by means of a series of formidable naval and military operations (which it would be very inconvenient to have now to repeat), a favourable treaty of peace. Nevertheless, at the port of Canton, which is still the chief mart of British commerce, our position is represented to be, both socially and commercially, considerably worse than it was previous to the war, and while the trade was subject to the rule of the Company!"

The Parliamentary Committee of 1847, and its proceedings and report, are next considered; and

we are glad to be able to arrive at the following conclusion:—

Arguing upon general principles, it certainly cannot be denied that the advantages which our new position in China may be capable of yielding, have not yet been fairly tested, while we continue to impose a duty, averaging 200 per cent., upon the chief article of import from that country, a burthen altogether disproportionate to that to which most other articles of such extensive consumption are subjected. If it could be assumed that our peaceful relations with China would not be again interrupted, there would be little doubt that the proposed reduction of the tea duty to a uniform rate of one shilling per pound upon all descriptions of tea, would soon lead to a very great increase to our importations from that country; and there are also fair grounds for calculating that the Chinese would take off additional quantities of our manufactures and productions to a considerable extent, in return. We should, however, be on our guard against indulging in too sanguine expectations on this head. I fear that the notion that what has been called a *taste* for British goods can be expected to spread to any great extent amongst the vast population of the interior of China, must not be confidently relied upon. The Chinese are already in possession, from their own resources, of all the necessaries, and of most of the luxuries and conveniences of life, at a very moderate cost. The Chinese empire, exceeding in extent and population the entire of Europe, and comprising within its limits no less a great variety of soil and climate, enjoys within itself, by means of its home trade which subsists between its several provinces, almost all those advantages which in smaller states are derived from foreign commerce. Though the Chinese have little or no science, and possess but very clumsy machinery, they have considerable artistic and manufacturing skill; and these they apply with the most enduring patience and industry. They are an eminently practical people. They are not likely to accept from us any new and beautiful articles, even of the greatest refinement and perfection, as long as such articles are at the same time extremely costly, or not adapted for use, in their present state of civilisation and social condition. But, in all cases in which we are able, by means of our scientific machinery and manufacturing skill, to produce articles adapted to the same purposes as those they have now in use, but cheaper in price, or better in quality for the same price, I am persuaded that neither popular prejudices nor Government prohibitions will ever stand in the way of their introduction to an almost unlimited extent. This has already been remarkably instanced in the recent increasing export to China of cotton yarns, and, I doubt not, will be progressively experienced in many other articles.

Whatever opinions, however, may be entertained of the policy of an extensive reduction of the tea duties, as a remedy for the present depression of the trade, the fact of the depression itself, as stated in the report of the committee, is fully borne out by the evidence. The state of the trade at Canton is described as "unsatisfactory," "unprofitable," "very disastrous," pp. 16, 28. And in a petition to the House of Commons in the same year, signed by almost all the British residents at Canton, their social position is described in the following terms:—

"It is in many respects worse than it was before any treaties between the two countries existed. Residents at Canton cannot now visit with safety even those places to which they formerly had free access, attacks upon them being now frequently made where heretofore they did not experience molestation; and there is too much reason for believing that these acts of aggression are connived at, if not encouraged, by the Chinese authorities." Appendix, p. 505.

"Our commercial progress at the newly-acquired port of Shang-hai no doubt offers an agree-

able contrast with the above description of the state of things at Canton; but even at Shang-hai, the symptoms of jealousy and distrust are said to be very apparent, and to require constant vigilance. And the advantages we derive from our admission to that port, whatever they may be, are obviously the direct result of our success in arms, and in no manner derived from our commercial policy. If the East India Company had possessed as fair a field for commercial enterprise at Canton as our private merchants now enjoy at Shang-hai, there are no just grounds for assuming that they would have neglected it.

The present condition of the China trade, in spite of the above-noticed representations of our merchants, is undoubtedly, in appearance, a gainful one to the public. The prices of teas are considerably lower than they were under the Company's monopoly, though it is generally believed at a considerable sacrifice in the standard of quality; and the consumption throughout the United Kingdom has progressively increased in proportion. This change is no doubt to be partly ascribed to the reduction of freights, consequent upon the abandonment of that large and expensive class of ships heretofore employed by the Company, and which, being readily convertible into ships of war in a season of pressure, rendered a most important service to the country on the sudden breaking out of the war after the peace of Amiens. But, however this may be, it is quite obvious that, unless our commerce can be carried on in such a manner as to render the position of our merchants permanently secure and remunerative, all indications of prosperity derived from a temporary lowering of prices must be transitory and delusive."

With these two significant extracts we commend this volume to the attention of the public. The old portions, as well as the new, are eminently deserving of it, and, independently of its guidance in regard to trade, its illustrations of Chinese customs, laws, and literature, are of notable and lasting interest. In respect to the former, the statements relative to the opium trade are of a similar character; and, altogether, the volume is a standard for our libraries.

WEB BOOKS!

[Cheapness of Publication has led to the issue of a great number of very small books, which the Scotch would call "Wee Things." We here put a lot of them together.]

The Last Hour of 1849. Cleaver.

A SWEET and touching little production, which, for pure sentiment and a stirring of the kindly affections, gives us simply more for twopence than we often get elaborated for two pounds. We offer a sample from the opening, when the year has but an "hour to live."

"Yes, to children only does it belong to hail with unalloyed pleasure the echoes of Time's footsteps. In youth we never look back : on, on, is the eager cry, and each recurring new year's day is but another advance towards the bright summit of hope and ambition. That summit, nevertheless, we never seem to reach. Some day we find that we are going down the opposite side of the hill, at whose foot is our grave ; we strive to recall the moment when we actually stood on the eminence, either we have passed unconsciously the long desired position, or its beauty was in itself fictitious, and our imagination has cheated us. Now we have lost our anxiety to proceed, we would retard our rapid descent but we cannot ; the cry which our own youthful lips repeated, On ! on ! seems to be taken up by some spirit urging us forward ; still we look back as we move onwards, and we sigh."

The spirit which is conjured up speaks as the Spirit of Humanity and Wisdom ought to speak to the question :-

"I eagerly inquired, for the reverence with which she inspired me had nothing in it of fear. 'By hal-

lowing the present,' she replied. I felt that there was a depth in her words I did not at once fathom, and remained silently pondering them. 'You mortals,' she resumed, 'are continually in quest of happiness, and that is precisely why you do not find it. Your own thoughts were just, when a few minutes ago you concluded that the very carelessness of childhood was the chief source of its gladness. Why, then, are you less wise than children ? Lose sight of happiness individually, and strive only after virtue—happiness is but her shadow ; she follows constantly, but never precedes her. Cease to regret the past, or to fear the future. Hallow the present.'

It would be wrong to quote more from so wee a work ; but we heartily commend it to old and young of every class.

Madeleine: a Tale. By Jules Sandeau. Edited by Gustave Planche. Slater. [Universal Series.] A GRAND eulogium on fictitious writing introduces this tale, and a censure on the majority of authors for not fulfilling the high vocation assigned to them and the art. The writings of the author are also described and panegyrised. In the story, as in all M. Sandeau's, the motives, errors, and passions on which seduction, suicide, &c., may proceed, are finely analysed, and glowingly pourtrayed, for the condign edification of faithless women, purblind husbands, profligate ronés, and enthusiastic lovers.

Little Fadette. By George Sand. *The Uscoque: a Venetian Story.* By the same. Slater.

THE notorious public career of Madame Dudevant is so palpable a key to the opinions and practices she would inculcate, that it is not necessary for us to point them out. Socialists, Communists, Red Republicans, &c., justly magnify her name. She has thrown off Christianity and her sex with extraordinary talent and masculine power, and the leaven of her principles pervades all her writings, which in other respects display striking powers.

Thoughts on the Poets. By H. T. Tuckerman. Slater.

TREATS about a score of our later and living poets in a pleasant enough manner, without any signs of great critical acuteness, and rather adopting superficial current opinion than taking original views.

Little Herbert's Midsummer Holidays. By E. E. Willement. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. NICE little chats on Ornithology ; pleasant for children, and encouraging a fondness for the notice and care of our feathered favourites.

Holy Men of Old. Mozleys; Masters. BRIEF biographical accounts of Saints of early ages, whose holiness is recognised by the Church of England, with holidays attached to their names. St. Alban is not the least of them, and the miracles attending his martyrdom could hardly be surpassed!

Gregory Krall. By the Rev. R. Menzies. Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie.

A CHRISTMAS book for children, with neat woodcuts. It seems to be from the German; a tale of virtue and humble reliance on God rewarded. An old picture by Rubens, found on a window shutter, is the *Deus ex machina*.

Acting Charades: a Christmas Game. By the Brothers Mayhew. Bogue.

ILLUSTRATED by amusing groups of silhouette performers, we have here some thirty examples of a species of entertainment, than which we know not one more agreeable and laughable to make sport in the family evening circle where a party of friends are assembled. It calls for ingenuity, ready wit, and fun; and affords a pleasant recreation for old and young. There is no end to the variety, and sometimes very fine effects may be produced to close the scene.

SUMMARY.

A Manual of British Marine Algae. By W. H. Harvey, M.D. 8vo. Van Voorst. This is a very complete second edition of Dr. Harvey's valuable work published eight years ago, and is the more complete, in consequence of being confined to the Marine, and leaving out the Freshwater, Algae. It thus presents us with generic and specific descriptions of all our British seaweeds, and also illustrates them with such correct and excellent plates, that there could be no difficulty in ascertaining every plant which the stroller along the shore might casually pick up. This is a great object with books of the kind. It takes them out of the narrow bounds of the scientific closet, and roams about with them in the open realm of nature, and enables us to enrich the idle hour with interest and instruction. Considerable advance has of late been made in improving our knowledge of this class of productions, and the author has shown himself proficient in all that has been done by such labourers as Professor E. Forbes and others. His dedication to Mrs. Griffiths does credit to the numerous discoveries of that lady, which are commemorated in the name of a genus—"Griffithsia," given to the plants she has observed so accurately, and described so well. The Rhodospermes (red seaweeds) are also more clearly introduced and figured in this volume than they have ever been before, so that it may be considered a *vade mecum* on the subject.

The Earth and Man. By Arnold Guyot. Translated by C. C. Felton. Bentley.

Ir will be seen by an advertisement in our last number, that our favourable opinion of this work is quoted (p. 71)* on its publication by Mr. E. Gover, sen.; and as we have not compared the rival volumes to ascertain either differences or identities, we will only remark that we find this edition read well and the maps well executed. The branch of science of which M. Guyot treats has made, and is making, great progress.

SPANISH LITERATURE.

Ticknor's History of Spanish Literature. (Second Notice.)

THE history of Spanish dramatic literature, which has had so universal an influence upon the stage in every country, is replete with curious and interesting matter. It is curious to see how the secular drama sprang rudely out of the incongruous religious mysteries of the Church; and interesting to trace the effects upon a people of what was originally intended for mere pastime and amusement, and their diffusion over the face of the civilised world. The different national features and peculiarities incorporated with the original creations are also well worthy of observation, and the whole panoramic view over time and space offers a scene in which the vast and the minute are singularly combined. It may be a question in what degree and proportion the theatre and the pulpit have contributed to stamp the manners and morals of Europe; and where so extraordinary a power is acknowledged, it must be instructive to mark its birth and examine its progress. Mr. Ticknor leads us through such inquiry from the beginning of the 16th century, after Naharro had provoked the interference of the Inquisition by his irreverent and secular, if not to say irreligious and indecent, dramas. When the Seville edition of the famous "Propaldia" was published in 1520, the representations were prohibited; and not till 1573 was even a severely expurgated edition of the plays allowed to be printed.

Lope de Rueda rose within the period referred

* The name of the Neufchâtel Professor was accidentally misspelt Guizot: proper names should ever be written very plainly.

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to (1544 to 1567), and struck out the popular vein, "Except dramatic exhibitions of a religious character, and under ecclesiastical authority, nothing had been attempted in which the people, as such, had any share." The attempt, however, was now made, and made successfully. Its author was a mechanic of Seville, Lope de Rueda, a gold-beater by trade, who, from motives now entirely unknown, became both a dramatic writer and a public actor. . . . The scene of his adventures is believed to have extended to Seville, Cordova, Valencia, Segovia, and probably other places where his plays and farces could be represented with profit. At Segovia, we know he acted in the new cathedral, during the week of its consecration, in 1558; and Cervantes and the unhappy Antonio Perez both speak with admiration of his powers as an actor; the first having been twenty years old in 1567, the period commonly assumed as that of Rueda's death, and the last having been eighteen. Rueda's success, therefore, even during his lifetime, seems to have been remarkable; and when he died, though he belonged to the despised and rejected profession of the stage, he was interred with honour among the mazy pillars in the nave of the great cathedral at Cordova." He introduced the Braggart coward, the Parolles, and Bobadil character; the cunning over-reaching serving man, the Scapin; and the foolish coxcomb, the Slender, or Master Stephen; * all of which have become traditional and everlasting in dramatic compositions. His "theatre was composed of four benches, arranged in a square, with five or six boards laid across them, that were thus raised about four palms from the ground. . . . The furniture of the theatre was an old blanket drawn aside by two cords, making what they call a tiring-room, behind which were the musicians, who sang old ballads without a guitar. The place where this rude theatre was set up was a public square, and the performances occurred whenever an audience could be collected; apparently both forenoon and afternoon, for, at the end of one of his plays, Lope de Rueda invites his "hearers only to eat their dinner and return to the square," and witness another."

The general retrospect from this date informs us that "The attempts to form and develop a national drama in Spain have been few and rare. During the two centuries following the first notice of it, about 1250, we cannot learn distinctly that anything was undertaken but rude exhibitions in pantomime; though it is not unlikely dialogues may sometimes have been added, such as we find in the more imperfect religious pageants produced at the same period in England and France. During the next century, which brings us down to the time of Lope de Rueda, we have nothing better than 'Mingo Revulgo,' which is rather a spirited political satire than a drama, Enzina's and Vicente's dramatic eclogues, and Naharro's more dramatic 'Propaladia,' with a few translations from the ancients which were little noticed or known. And during the half-century which Lope de Rueda opened with an attempt to create a popular drama, we have obtained only a few farces from himself and his followers, the little that was done at Seville and Valencia, and the countervailing tragedies of Bermudez and Argensola, who intended, no doubt, to follow what they considered the safer and more respectable trees of the ancient Greek masters. Three centuries and a half; therefore, or four centuries, furnished less dramatic literature to Spain, than the last half-century of the same portion of time had furnished to France and Italy; and near the end of the whole period, or about 1585, it is apparent that the national genius was not more turned towards the drama than it was at the same period in England, where Greene and Peele were just

preparing the way for Marlowe and Shakespeare." To the very last, i.e. the close of last century, the Spanish theatre "borrowed nothing from the drama of France or of Italy; for it was in advance of both when its final character was not only developed, but settled; and as for England, though Shakespeare and Lope de Vega were contemporaries, and there are points of resemblance between them which it is pleasant to trace and difficult to explain, still they and their schools, undoubtedly, had not the least influence on each other. The Spanish drama is, therefore, entirely national. Many of its best subjects are taken from the chronicles and traditions familiar to the audience that listened to them, and its prevalent versification reminded the hearers, by its sweetness and power, of what had so often moved their hearts in the earliest outpourings of the national genius. With all its faults, then, this old Spanish drama, founded on the great traits of the national character, maintained itself in the popular favour as long as that character existed in its original attributes; and even now it remains one of the most striking and one of the most interesting portions of modern literature."

To return to Rueda: he was followed by the immortal Cervantes, and Lope de Vega, and Calderon, the three glorious lights of Spain. Their biographical sketches are well intermingled with the accounts of their productions, and sensible critiques upon the most prominent. The astonishing number of de Vega's productions is attributed to the fact that his "talent was undoubtedly of near kindred to this genus of improvisation, and produced its extraordinary results by a similar process, and in the same spirit. He dictated verse, we are told, with ease, more rapidly than an amanuensis could take it down; and wrote out an entire play in two days, which could with difficulty be transcribed by a copyist in the same time. He was not absolutely an improvisator, for his education and position naturally led him to devote himself to written composition, but he was continually on the borders of whatever belongs to an improvisator's peculiar province; he was continually showing, in his merits and defects, in his ease, grace, and sudden resource, in his wildness and extravagance, in the happiness of his versification and the prodigal abundance of his imagery, that a very little more freedom, a very little more indulgence given to his feelings and his fancy, would have made him at once and entirely, not only an improvisator, but the most remarkable one that ever lived."

"Abroad, too, his fame was hardly less remarkable. In Rome, Naples, and Milan, his dramas were performed in their original language; in France and Italy, his name was announced in order to fill the theatres when no play of his was to be performed; and once, even, and probably oftener, one of his dramas was represented in the seraglio at Constantinople. But perhaps neither all this popularity, nor yet the crowds that followed him in the streets and gathered in the balconies to watch him as he passed along, nor the name of Lope, that was given to whatever was esteemed singularly good in its kind, is so striking a proof of his dramatic success, as the fact, so often com-

plained of by himself and his friends, that multitudes of his plays were fraudulently noted down as they were acted, and then printed for profit throughout Spain; and that multitudes of other plays appeared under his name, and were represented all over the provinces, that he had never even heard of till they were published and performed."

The school which succeeded and imitated him evinced much talent, but none came near the master. "The truth is, that, from the beginning of the seventeenth century, the popular Spanish drama was too strong to be subjected either to classical criticism or to ecclesiastical control. In the 'Amusing Journey' of Roxas, an actor who travelled over much of the country in 1602, visiting Seville, Granada, Toledo, Valladolid, and many other places, we find plays acted everywhere, even in the smallest villages, and the drama, in all its forms and arrangements, accommodated to the public taste far beyond any other popular amusement.* In 1632, Montalvan—the best authority on such a subject—gives us the names of a crowd of writers for Castile alone; and, three years later, Fabio Franchi, an Italian, who had lived in Spain, published a eulogy on Lope, which enumerates nearly thirty of the same dramatists, and shows anew how completely the country was imbued with their influence. There can, therefore, be no doubt that, at the time of his death, Lope's name was the great poetical name that filled the whole breadth of the land with its glory, and that the forms of the drama originated by him were established, beyond the reach of successful opposition, as the national and popular forms of the drama for all Spain."

In mentioning the literary glories of Spain, we will here limit our concluding quotation. Speaking of these writings, our author says:—

"Nothing can well be more free and miscellaneous than their subjects and contents. One, called 'El Alguazil alguazilado,' or 'The Catchpole Caught, is a satire on the inferior officers of justice, one of whom being possessed, the demon complains bitterly of his disgrace in being sent to inhabit the body of a creature so infamous. Another, called 'Visita de los Chistes,' A Visit in Jest, is a visit to the empire of Death, who comes sweeping in surrounded by physicians, surgeons, and especially a great crowd of idle talkers and slanderers, and leads them all to a sight of the infernal regions, with which Quevedo at once declares he is already familiar, in the crimes and follies to which he has long been accustomed on earth. But a more distinct idea of his free and bold manner will probably be obtained from the opening of his 'Dream of Skulls,' or 'Dream of the Judgment,' than from any enumeration of the subjects and contents of his Visions; especially since, in this instance, it is a specimen of that mixture of the solemn and the ludicrous in which he so much delighted. 'Methought I saw,' he says, 'a fair youth borne with prodigious speed through the heavens, who gave a blast to his trumpet so violent, that the radiant beauty of his countenance was in part disfigured by it. But the sound was of such power, that it found obedience in marble and hearing among the dead; for the whole earth began straightway to move, and to give free permission to the bones it contained to come forth in search of each other. And thereupon I presently saw those who had been soldiers and captains start fiercely from their graves, thinking it a signal for battle; and misers coming forth, full of anxiety and alarm, dreading some onslaught; while those who were

* The Gracos and gracosas, or Drolls, the Vege or little testy old gentlemen, and the Picaro or their origin to him, we read, "The *gracioso* was generally distinguished by his name in the Spanish stage, as he was afterwards on the French stage. Thus, Calderon often calls his *gracioso* Clarin, or Trumpet; as Moliere called his *Scapinelle*, The Simple, who, as I have said, can be traced back to Enzina, and who was, no doubt, the same with the *bobo*, mentioned as very successful in 1596, by Lopez Pinciano, who, in his 'Philosophia Antiqua Poetica,' (1596, p. 402,) says, 'They are characters that commonly amuse more than any other that appear in the plays.' The *gracioso* of Lope was, like the rest of his theatre, founded on what existed before his time; only the character itself was further developed, and received a new name." The comic underplot, combined with the main action, was also the invention of this great dramatist.—Ed. Z.G.

* Roxas (1602) gives an amusing account of the nicknames and resources of eight different kinds of strolling companies of actors, beginning with the *bululu*, which boasted of but one person, and going up to the full *compania*, which was required to have seventeen. (Viage, Madrid, 1614, 12mo., ff. 51-53.) These nicknames and distinctions were long known in Spain."

given to vanity and feasting thought, from the shrillness of the sound, that it was a call to the dance or the chase. At least, so I interpreted the looks of each of them, as they started forth; nor did I see one, to whose ears the sound of that trumpet came, who understood it to be what it really was. Soon, however, I noted the way in which certain souls fled from their former bodies; some with loathing, and others with fear. In one arm was missing, in another an eye; and while I was moved to laughter as I saw the varieties of their appearance, I was filled with wonder at the wise providence which prevented any one of them, all shuffled together as they were, from putting on the legs or other limbs of his neighbours. In one grave-yard alone I thought that there was some changing of heads, and I saw a notary whose soul did not quite suit him, and who wanted to get rid of it by declaring it to be none of his. But when it was fairly understood of all that this was the Day of Judgment, it was worth seeing how the volutuous tried to avoid having their eyes found for them, that they need not bring into court witnesses against themselves,—how the malicious tried to avoid their own tongues, and how robbers and assassins seemed willing to wear out their feet in running away from their hands. And, turning partly round, I saw one miser asking another (who, having been embalmed and his bowels left at a distance, was waiting silently till they should arrive) whether, because the dead were to rise that day, certain money-bags of his must also rise. I should have laughed heartily at this, if I had not, on the other side, pitied the eagerness with which a great rout of notaries rushed by, flying from their own ears, in order to avoid hearing what awaited them, though none succeeded in escaping, except those who in this world had lost their ears as thieves, which, owing to the neglect of justice, was by no means the majority. But what I most wondered at was, to see the bodies of two or three shopkeepers, that had put on their souls wrong side out, and crowded all five of their senses under the nails of their right hands."

(To be Continued.)

MOROCCO.

Urquhart's Pillars of Hercules.

[Second Notice. Conclusion.]

We could not part from a work like this, so full of various interesting matter, without again enriching our columns from some of the most noticeable stuff in the second volume; in which, by-the-by, we have much of questionable as well as curious philology, and of Celtic resemblances and analogies, which would prove, if not already acknowledged, that that language was one of the few most important and widely diffused fountains of the ancient world. But to come to our own days, and our countryman's return journey from Shavoya to Rabat:—

"During my absence two daring crimes have been committed: a Shereff stole one of the Sultan's horses from the midst of the camp. The Sultan sentenced him to lose his head. He then put in the plea of his birth. 'Then,' said the Sultan, 'cut off his right hand, that he may be disabled from disgracing his blood in this way in future.' There is no executioner: the butchers are bound to perform this duty.* The chief Jewish and chief Mussulman butcher being called, they offered for a substitute by a sort of public auction, the crier commencing in this way:—'Who will cut off a head' (or a hand) 'for a dollar?—one dollar offered,' and thus they ran up and down the street. No one offering, they increased the bid to two, three dollars, &c. When they had

* "The butchers, that they might not be compelled to execute this sentence, took Sanctuary. A stranger, and a ruffian, was found, who consented to perform the service. The gates were shut to keep the people in meanwhile. When over, and the gates were opened, the soldiers refused to protect the executioner. He was then chased like a mad dog by the children into the country, and then shot by a relation of the deceased."—*Hay's Western Barbary.*

arrived at two doublets (7L 10s.), a tall black stepped forward and said, 'That is my price.' A tub of tar was brought: the black hacked off the hand in a hurry, and, on dipping the stump into the tar, it proved to be cold. He had, however, bound the arm before amputation, and they ran to the neighbouring blacksmith's shop for embers, which they threw into the tar, and, setting it on fire, the stump was then plunged in, and so scorched and burnt. The Shereff was then let go.

"In the other case, the culprit, a man from the interior, had killed a lad who was ploughing, and carried off his cattle. The Sultan said to the mother of the lad, 'Excuse his life, and take one hundred dollars.' she said, 'I want the life of him who took the life of my son.' The Sultan three times repeated his question, doubling his offer: she said, 'I ask what the law gives me, and that law you are Sultan to execute.' The culprit was led out to execution: the head, as we returned, was on the market-gate, and the dogs swarmed round the carcass."

Of the poisonous plant hashish, we are told:—

"It appears as the *potomantes* of the Indus, the *gelotophysis* of Bactria, the *achemenes* of the Persians, the *ophisnu* of Ethiopia, the *nepenthes* of the Greeks. The apparently contradictory qualities ascribed to these may all be found in the hashish: like the ophisnu, it recalls consciousness of the past and inordinate fears, on account of which it was given as a punishment to those who had committed sacrilege; but, above all, it brings too that forgetfulness for which Helen administered to Telemachus the nepenthes, and which no doubt she had learned in Egypt. Equally does it become a poison which absorbs all others. It will explain the incantations of Circe, and the mysteries of the cave of Trophonius. When taken without suspicion, its effects would appear as the workings within themselves of the divinity. It goes some way to account for the long endurance of a religious imposture, so slightly wove and so incessantly rebelled against. Here was a means at the disposal of the priest, diviner, and thaumaturgist, and beyond all appeals to the mere imagination. The epithets which the Hindoos apply to their *bangue* might equally serve for the hashish—'assuager of sorrow,' 'increaser of pleasure,' 'cementer of friendship,' 'laughter-mover.' Bangue, however, when often repeated, is followed by catalepsy, or that insensibility which enables the body to be moulded into any position, like a Dutch jointed doll, in which the limbs are made in the position in which they are placed, and this state will continue for many hours."

It is Mesmerism, opium, laughing gas, and all other intoxications put together. A hashish shop in London would certainly be a capital spec. Fifteen hundred years ago it (as *ma-yo*, a preparation of hemp) did the office of chloroform in China, and given to the patient (says the "Compilation of Ancient and Modern Medicine," published in that country early in the 16th century),

"In a very short time he becomes so insensible that he seems intoxicated, or deprived of life. Then, according as the case may be, the operations are performed, of amputations, &c., and the cause of the malady is removed. Subsequently, the tissues are brought together by sutures, and liniments are employed. After some days the patient is restored to health, without having felt, during the operation, the least pain."

"I was led to take an interest in this plant from the following circumstance. A lady, suffering from spasms, arising from an affection of the spine, had obtained some years ago a small portion of hashish (at the time a name unknown), when all other narcotics had failed: it afforded her an almost miraculous relief. Medical men had been applied to in India to procure the bangue but it failed. The hemp of England had been

tried in vain. I wrote to Mr. Lane, then in Egypt, requesting him to obtain some, but he found it a disgraceful thing to make inquiries on the subject. All these endeavours ended in disappointment. Still I remained satisfied that there was such a plant. At Tangier, I observed a diminutive pipe, about the size of a thimble; I asked what kind of tobacco they were smoking. I was answered *kef* (literally, enjoyment)—it was the hashish. I found that it was also taken inwardly. Either the leaves are swallowed with water, after being crushed, or it is prepared, and boiled with sugar, or honey, and butter, like horseradish, a great variety of seeds and spices entering into the composition, which is thus said to vary in its effects, and to be gifted also with medicinal powers. This preparation is the majoun. Its effects were described as those of the laughing gas, except that, instead of a few minutes, it lasts for many hours. Some cry, some laugh, some fall into drowsy listlessness; some are rendered talkative and funny. They see visions, imagine themselves reduced to poverty, or become emperors and commanders of armies, the natural disposition predominating in the derangement. Men under its influence were pointed out to me in the streets. They walked along with fixed eyes, heedless of all around them. Some take it daily in small quantities, producing, as one of them described to me, 'a comfortable state of mind,' without appearing to impair the general health. Under its influence the mouth is parched, it is not in their power to spit. Their eyes become red and small. They are ravenous for food. Everything that one hears of it has the air of fable: and I should have been inclined to treat it as such, but for the evidence of my own senses.

"Finding that I could not understand from description either the mode of preparing it, or the effects, I determined to get those who were accustomed to make it to bring the materials, and prepare it before me, and then to try it myself, and on as many others as I could. I was so engaged for a week after my return to Rabat, for I had successively the three most noted confectioners to try their skill against each other. They have not a regular or uniform process, and the majoun is consequently of very unequal strength and efficacy. Our first attempts were failures. The first proof of the success of our preparation was in the case of a young English clergyman, to whom some of it had been given as a sweetmeat. Some hours passed without any visible effects, when a musician, who had the faculty of strangely distorting his features, came in, dressed as a mummer. The Englishman took him for the devil, and a most laughable scene ensued. Next morning, on inquiries after his health, he said he had slept soundly and agreeably, 'as the windows and doors were bolted.' Later in the day the effect disappeared entirely, and he seemed to recollect the circumstances with a confused pleasure, describing various things that had never happened.

"The first time I took it was about seven in the morning, and in an hour and a half afterwards I perceived a heaviness of the head, wandering of the mind, and an apprehension that I was going to faint. I thence passed into a state of half trance, from which I awoke suddenly, and much refreshed. The impression was that of wandering out of myself. I had two beings, and there were two distinct, yet concurrent trains of ideas.

"Images came floating before me—not the figures of a dream, but those that seem to play before the eye when it is closed, and with those figures were strangely mixed the sounds of a guitar that was being played in the adjoining room; the sounds seemed to cluster in and pass away with the figures on the retina. The music of the wretched performance was heavenly, and seemed to proceed from a full orchestra, and to

be reverberated through long halls of mountains. These figures and sounds were again connected with metaphysical reflections, which also, like the sounds, clustered themselves into trains of thought, which seemed to take form before my eyes, and weave themselves with the colours and sounds. I was following a train of reasoning: new points would occur, and concurrently there was a figure before me throwing out corresponding shoots like a zinc tree; and then, as the moving figures reappeared, or as the sounds caught my ear, the other classes of figures came out distinctly, and danced through each other.

"The reasonings were long and elaborate; and, though the impression of having gone through them remains, every effort has been in vain to recall them."

Other experiments are detailed at length, but we have only room to add that, as Mr. U. was embarking to leave the country, the caid came to the stern of his boat.

"Carrying in his hand a handkerchief containing a large provision of hard-boiled eggs. He said, 'As you would not stay to eat, I had these boiled that you might not be hungry on the way.' One of the packages of majoon appearing amongst the baggage, the conversation turned upon that composition; and he told me that he was then going, in consequence of an order he had received that morning from the Sultan, to gather for him roots, from which another and superior kind of majoon was made, and which were only to be found at an hour's distance from whence we were, and if we would wait for him at a certain well, he would himself bring a specimen of the plant. As soon as we reached the indicated place, he appeared on the hill above, coming towards us at full speed, and presented me with one of the roots, which was like a large parsnip; it appears to be the plant called surnag by Leo Africanus. He had also the consideration to bring some of the leaves, that I might recognise it again. I forgot to ask the mode of preparing it, which I have since been unable to ascertain, as it is not used by the people, though the most strange stories are told of its effects. It is said to have been discovered by the Emperor Ismael, and to its use is attributed the numerous progeny of that sovereign, reported at sixty births per month."

We pass by the essays on muffins, butter, and other odd things, though they are both learned and amusing. The search for Phoenician ruins along the coast (120 miles in a week) was not very productive, though some interesting remains were seen; and the tender arrived at Tangier, where we shall detain our readers for a concluding Eastern story:-

"The grandfather of Ben Abou, the present Governor of Riff, when Caïd of Tangier, made a great feast at the marriage of his daughter. One of his friends, Caïd Mahomed Widden, observed a poor man in mean attire in the court, and ordered him out; and, he not obeying, pushed him so that he fell. That same night the keeper of an oven (there are no sellers of bread, every one makes his own bread at home and sends it to the oven) had barred his door and retired to rest, when some one knocked at the door. He asked, 'Who is there?' and was answered, 'The guest of God,' which means a beggar. 'You are welcome,' he said, and got up and unfastened the door; and having nothing but some remnants of the koscousson from his supper, and the piece of mat upon which he lay, he warmed the koscousson in the oven, and, after bringing water to wash his guest's hands, he set it before him; he then conducted him to the mat, and himself lay down on the bare ground.

"In the morning when he awoke, he found the door unbarred, and the poor man gone; so he said to himself, 'He had business and did not wish to disturb me, or he went away modestly,

being ashamed of his poverty.' On taking up the mat he found under it two doulombs; so he was afraid, and put the money by, and determined not to touch it, lest it had been forgotten, or lest the poor man had stolen it, and put it there to ruin him.

"Some time afterwards an order came from Fez for Mahomed Widden and the baker to repair thither. They were both conducted to the place before the palace to await the Sultan's coming forth. When he appeared they were called before him, and, addressing the first, he asked him if he recollects the feast at the marriage of the daughter of the Caid of Tangier, and a poor man whom he had pushed with his left hand, and kicked with his right foot. Then Caïd Mahomed knew whom he had thus treated, and trembled. The Sultan said, 'The arm that struck me, and the leg that kicked me, are mine: cut them off.' The baker now said to himself, 'If he has taken the leg and the arm off the Caid, he will surely take my head,' so he fell down upon the earth, and implored the Sultan to have mercy upon him. The Sultan said to him, - 'My son, fear not; you were poor, and took in the beggar when he was thrust forth from the feast of the rich. He has eaten your bread, and slept on your mat. Now ask whatever you please; it shall be yours.' The Caid returned to Tangier maimed and a beggar, and his grandson was lately a soldier at the gate of the Sicilian consul. The baker returned, riding on a fine mule, richly clothed, and possessed of the wealth of the other; and the people used to say as he passed by, - 'There goes the oven-keeper, the Sultan's host!'

The clans in Barbary, Mr. Urquhart states, strongly resemble those of the Scottish Highlands, but he goes much farther back into ancient times, and carries the costume of our Highlanders into the "diggings" on the Euphrates. He says:-

"Mr. Layard's researches above, as well as under ground, have furnished further evidence in many points of resemblance between their manners and the scenes carved on the alabasters of the Assyrians, and the customs preserved by the mountain-clans in the neighbourhood.

"The clans crowned their king on a stone, and threw down their plaids before him. One full statue only has been found at Nimroud: it is that of a king, and he is seated on a square stone: doubtless the Assyrians threw down their mantles before him.

"The eagle's plume is worn in the bonnet by the Tigris. The King at Nimroud wears a cap standing up in front like the Scotch bonnet: the straps and ribbons flow behind."

In several bas-reliefs, the kilt appears, and is pointed out by Mr. Layard; the mountaineers wear a long shirt, dyed of one colour, as was formerly used among the clans.

"The chief and impregnable fortress of the Kurds is called the "Castle of the Cymri," and, as if to return the compliment, the Celts have given the name *Carne serai*,^{**} to the place in Argyleshire, where, on a sculpture of the thirteenth century, the long plaids (philemore)^{††} with

* An oven-keeper of Tangier, from whom I sought the verification of this story, told me that it was not an oven-keeper who had received the sultan but a worker in iron, named Mallen Hamet. Mallen designates his calling as honorable one here, but so despicable among the wandering Arabs, that a conquered foe has his life spared if he stretches out his arm as if beating with a hammer: degraded by the act, his enemy will not condescend to shed his blood.

[†] Nineveh, v. ii. p. 52.

[‡] Ibid. vol. i. p. 194.

[§] The resemblance appears most in the oldest sculptures: it is not rendered in the plates to the work. The same figure is also found in the Toshir—lower part of the Egyptian dress—called *pshten*.

^{||} Also in the Xanthian marble, E. ix. No. 45, 50, 157.

[¶] Kala Kumri.—Layard, v. i. p. 118.

^{**} Carni is also a name in Galilee.

^{††} It is figured in the large work of the Stuarts, they were of course not aware of the meaning of the double fold.

the double-folds, may be seen, exactly as they are worn by the Jewish women in Morocco.

"In Nineveh there was no bath. The mountain tribes indulge, in all ways and in all places, in washing and dabbling in water, without the slightest regard to the sense of delicacy which is so strong in all other Eastern people. The clans were formerly remarkable in like manner for the use of water; new-born infants were plunged in cold water."

"The clan system hinges on the distinction of the different families by 'sets' of colours. In this they differ from all the people of the west, who have colours in a flag, and not on their persons. The Yezidis, called the worshippers of the devil, have in like manner their colours, black and red, which they wear, and with which they adorn their habitations. The clans passing through these countries, and engaged in the wars (as I shall presently show they were), of necessity must have also so distinguished themselves; and, being neither a horde migrating, nor a nation in possession, but serving as mercenaries under distinct leaders, each of these would adopt distinguishing badges, and thence the 'sets' and tartans of the different clans, and the common name adopted by them.

"The discoveries of Nineveh, and the modes of dyeing among the population which still lives in the neighbourhood of those ruins, confirm to the letter what I have said elsewhere respecting the selection of a standard of colour, and the preservation of it in the tartan.

"The tartan existed only by the art of dyeing; without perfection in it, the idea of distinction by colours could not be entertained. This was not a mere difference between black and white, as the *ak* and *cara coinjolou*, or white and black fleeces of the Turks, which was obtained by natural wool; nor was it the colour of a cap or a slipper which might be purchased ready dyed; proficiency in one colour did not suffice, but in all. They had to be dyed in every cottage, or under every tent. They were applied to the coarsest substances, for the rudest wear, and to be recognisable so long as the material held together. This was to be achieved by a migratory and erratic people, in times when no lac or indigo, no chromates or phosphates, were to be found at every apothecary's. The dyes were to be sought in the fields or on the mountain sides; and each emigration involved a new series of experiments, to be rewarded by new triumphs of unaided industry and untutored taste. How deeply planted in their natures must have been the instinct of colours, thus to preserve those tints in daily wear, which at Nineveh have been saved by being buried in the bowels of the earth. It was not the colours most easily obtained that they selected; they had a rule, to which circumstances were made to bend."

With this we take our leave of a work which we have perused with much edification and satisfaction, and which we think will afford similar gratification to all intelligent readers. In the first volume the misprint of *scous* for *scons* ought to be noticed. Till we got farther on we did not guess the meaning.

* "The children are bathed night and morning in cold or warm water."—Hunter's *Western Islands*, vol. i. p. 194.

"The practice still with those who wear the kilt, is to wash their limbs every morning, as a preventative against cold."—Brown, vol. i. p. 100.

[†] Strong from the cradle, and of sturdy brood,
We bear our new-born infants to the flood,
There bathed amidst the waves our babes we hold,
Inured to summer's heat and winter's cold."

[‡] Nineveh, vol. i. pp. 300, 502.

^{††} Ordering some stuff from a Highland woman, and having fixed the time for its being sent to me, she ran after me to say, that I must not have the yellow stripe, or I could not have it till next year. Inquiring the reason, she said, "for the yellow I must wait till June, when the heather is in bloom."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BABYLON.—ASSYRIAN ANTIQUITIES.

DEAR SIR.—A correspondent in the *L.G.*, for Jan. 26th, 1850, who signs himself "Delta," quoting Fraser's excellent little work on "Mesopotamia and Assyria," says, "He (Mr. Fraser) thinks Mr. Ainsworth greatly in error in the elevation he assigns to the principal mounds on the site of ancient Babylon; viz. :—

" 64 feet to the northernmost, or Mujelibé of Rich; 28 feet to the Ksar of the same author; 23 feet to the Anram Ibn Ali mound."

The quotation is, it will be perceived, from Fraser, no from Ainsworth. The latter says, in his "Researches, &c.," p. 169—

"The square superficies of the mound of Babel is 49,000 feet; its elevation at the south-east corner, 64 feet. To the south of it is the Mujalibé, having a square superficies of 120,000 feet, and a height of only 28; beyond them again, the Anram Ibn Ali, having an area of 104,000 feet, and an elevation of 23."

Mr. Fraser found fault with this nomenclature of the mounds, but in very flattering language to its author.

"A late and very acute traveller," he says, "Mr. Ainsworth, whose work has already been referred to, has suggested a change of names for the several ruins, which he thinks will simplify the investigation. The Mujelibé," he says, "ought to be called Babel; and he applies the former term to the Ksar, which last appellation he again bestows upon the mound called by Mr. Rich the embankment. We do not know to what extent he prosecuted his discoveries upon the spot; but it appears to us, that had he inquired minutely, he would scarcely have found grounds on which to rest his new nomenclature."

It is very gratifying to find that "Delta," the only traveller who, to my knowledge, has published any account of his visit to Babylon since the time of the Euphrates' Expedition, so far certifies to the correctness of my researches that he says:—

"Before taking leave of the mounds supposed to stand on the site of ancient Babylon, it may be observed that the Arabs on the spot invariably called the Mujelibé of Rich, 'Babel,' and the Ksar of Rich, 'El Maklubeh'—the overthrown or reversed—a fact which bears out the statement of Mr. Ainsworth respecting the true nomenclature of these two mounds."

Mr. Fraser appears to have criticised the elevation given in the "Researches, &c.," to these various mounds, with greater justice than their nomenclature. It appears from "Delta's" observations that I have introduced some error upon this point into my "Researches," and I had long ago intended to revise that portion of my inquiries, but my notes, which are very voluminous, have been in the hands of Colonel Chesney for now upwards of ten years, and this has put it out of my power to enter upon the inquiry or to correct past errors.

I am, however, inclined to believe that there is still some confusion in regard to the mounds of which the elevation differs so much according to different authorities. Had "Delta" given the area as well as the elevation, it would have been more easy to determine what particular mounds he alluded to.

We have first, in proceeding from the northwards, the great mound of Babel, with an area of about 49,000 feet; then we have the canal, called Nil, by Abulfada, the Nahr Nil of Lynch's map, which sweeps in a southerly direction, and separates the extensive mound of Mujalibé (the Ksar of Rich) from the "Ksar" of the Arabs. Abulfada says that this Nil is the name both of the canal and quarter of Babylon, in which the ruins of Ksar Ibn Hubairah; and D'Anville says, near a town called Nilus, is the opening of a canal upon which is Ksar Ibn Hubairah.

Idrisi also notices a canal, which in the latin version of that author is written Alcator for Al Kasr, as the first after that of Tsarsar, or Sarsar and Bochart (Phaleg, p. 40) identifies this Alcasar, as he writes it from the Hebrew with the Acropolis Babylonie. It would appear then that we have among the mounds here discussed, ruins of towns and "Ksars" of mediæval as well as of Babylonian times, of Mohammedan castles as well as of "palaces and hanging gardens." Ksar Ibn Hubairah is noticed by the Arabian geographers as being in its time one of the most considerable places between Kufah and Baghdad. Colonel Chesney has in his possession the results of careful surveys and admeasurements made of the mounds in question, and which it is to be hoped will be soon published to give further facility to the investigation.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Jan. 25th.—Prof. Brande, "On the Theory and Practice of the Manufacture of Sugar," after returning thanks for the information, models and working apparatus so liberally granted to him, pointed out the peculiarities of the distinctions between cane and grape sugars, the chemical constitution of which respectively is carbon 12, oxygen 11, hydrogen 11—c. 12, o. 14, h. 14, both being compounds of charcoal and water. Cane sugar readily crystallizes; grape sugar or glucose with difficulty and imperfectly into acicular crystals banded together. Glucose reduces a metallic solution; cane does not. The sweetening power of the former is much less than that of the latter, as 2 to 5. Cane sugar is easily converted into grape sugar; but we cannot go back and re-convert grape into cane. Conversion may be conducted many ways, by fermentation, &c., also by merely boiling; and by boiling for a long time cane is not only converted into grape sugar, but into other dark coloured substances called melasic acids. Hence the necessity in the manufacture of sugar for great attention to temperature, and thence the apparatus for boiling the syrup *in vacuo* and by steam. A model of the apparatus was described. It consists of a close circular vessel, with a worm tube from a steam generator passing through it into a hollow jacket. During the boiling, by the steam going through the worm, an air pump is kept continually in action, which not only maintains the vacuum, but also pumps out the condensed water. Thus, therefore, may cane sugar be boiled at a low temperature for a long time without conversion; but the proper time for drawing off the contents of the vacuum vessel can only be ascertained by examining the syrup; and the difficulty was to take out samples to test the progress of the charge to the best point for granulating. The difficulty is most ingeniously overcome by what is technically called the proof-stick, an instrument in appearance like a large syringe, but not acting on the principle of a sucker; the cylinder is screwed on to the vacuum vessel, a tap opened, the piston passed into the syrup, the tap again closed, and the piston withdrawn containing a small quantity of the boiling liquor in a groove at the end of it. A small quantity is sufficient to be submitted to the finger and thumb examination of the boiled; and in this knowledge, acquired by the touch of experience, detecting the proper gritty feeling, his skill consists. The practical process of boiling, testing, running off, and filling the cone-moulds was exhibited. When the cones are filled and the liquor set, the apices are opened, the superfluous liquor drains off, leaving the granulated sugar. The second division, if it may be so called, of the lecture, comprised the recent novelties introduced into the manufacture of sugar, and especially Dr. Schoffern's patent process, to which we shall principally confine our

further notice. As a substitute for the lime-water and blood of the general process to remove the "melasic acids," oxide of lead had long recommended itself; but the bar to its use was either the uncertainty of the subsequent entire abstraction of the lead, or the injurious effects on the syrup of the substances employed which, to ensure the necessary certainty, must be in excess. Dr. Schoffern, however, in Professor Brande's opinion, has successfully overcome the difficulty. He uses subacetate of lead and he gets rid of the lead still in the syrup, after filtering, by means of sulphurous acid gas. This in excess takes up every atom of the lead; the acid in excess is harmless and is readily driven off by heat. The sulphite of lead formed and thrown down is insoluble and can be readily removed; and the essence of the safety of the new process is the insolubility of sulphite of lead and the facility of separation. Several different treatments of solutions of lead itself, tests and counter-tests, and proofs of working rightly, available to the manufacturer were submitted; and as little doubt of safety, we think, was left in the minds of the audience as lead in Dr. Schoffern's sugar. The very timorous, however, were told that if they feared careless manufacturing, a little sulphurated hydrogen, poured into a solution of a piece of the loaf would blacken it if a trace of lead were left, and therefore was an unerring test. The mode of obtaining sulphurous acid on a large scale, "claying" with sugar and water or with pure syrup, and other interesting points connected with the theory and practice of sugar making were given, but the above samples were all that our proof-stick drew off.

The following paragraph was accidentally omitted in our notice of the previous Friday evening meeting:—Amongst the numerous interesting objects in the library, for which the members and visitors are chiefly indebted to the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Barlow, who also does so much in all ways for these attractive evening meetings, we especially noticed the exquisite electro-silvered groups of Indian corn, flowers, grasses, &c., by Shuckard; and Tennant's very beautiful vases in black Derbyshire marble, the subjects in the centre of which, we were told, were produced by a new chemical process that extracts the colour without affecting the high polish of the marble.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 14th.—Captain Smyth, R.N., President, in the chair. Read.—Notes on Texas, by Mr. Wm. Bollaert. The exact boundary was given, the courses and other details of its rivers, the division of it, beginning at the coast, into alluvial, diluvial, and other strata and then mountainous where the primary rocks are found. The coast line, some 400 miles in length, is made up of recently formed sandy islets, very low, of a most unfavourable aspect, and backed up by prairies. The author entered fully into particulars of wind currents and other physical phenomena; and mentioned some particulars of the earthquake of 1812, which shook the greater part of the valley of the Mississippi, reaching even into Texas. He also alluded to a shock felt by himself on Galveston island in 1842, and to the falling of a mass of meteoric iron near Red River in 1814. Mr. Bollaert illustrated his paper by sections, showing the distances travelled over, their direction, elevations above the sea, latitudes, longitudes, &c.

—Section from Galveston to Austin. The island of Galveston has only an average height of 10 feet above the waters of the Gulf. After leaving the prairies of the coast, rich woodlands were entered, in which the live oak and magnolia abounded, together with deer and birds in great numbers, and occasionally a puma and jagua. Houston was found to be only 70 feet above the sea. The course lay towards the Brazos, where

fossil bones and large fossil teeth of the elephant were found at San Felipe de Austin, as well as other localities. At Austin, Mount Bonnell was described as being 700 feet above the sea, and composed of coral rock, oyster, and other shells; and in the vicinity, ammonites, nautili, encrinites, trilobites, &c., were found. The San Saba country was alluded to as containing indications of gold, silver, and lead.

II.—Section from Columbus to San Antonio was over fine prairie and undulating lands, with rich surface soil above indurated sand; under the latter some of the cretaceous rocks. The author gave an animated description of the western prairies, with their multitudes of game, and spoke of San Antonio as the most interesting spot in Texas, first for the beauty of its position, and as having been the continual battle-ground of the old Spaniards with the Indians (many tribes of whom only exist by name), and more recently the sanguinary frays between the Mexicans and the victorious Texans. Allusion was made to the old "Misiones," now in ruins, where formerly the jolly priest and his companion the soldier once revelled, and where now large bats have taken their places, depositing in the halls and sanctuaries, many feet thick of their ordure. The wild turkey was in great abundance in this section.

III. Section was to the Guadalupe Mountains, where some fine grazing land was met with, much game, including bear and buffalo, and wild honey. It was, however, a wild-looking country, and no one laid himself on his pallet without having his bowie-knife ready, and his hand near to his rifle. There was found much cedar and cypress in this region.

IV. Section—To the Leona, the country was alive with deer and antelope; no want of rattlesnakes, centipedes, red bugs, Spanish flies, &c. Good grazing land might be found in this direction. The mountains here are 2,000 feet above the sea.

Sections V. and VI. take an easterly direction to Corpus Christi on the Gulf. The lands are rather silicious, and one hill was found composed of pure quartz and silicified wood was met with. Much of this country has dense thorny underwood, and here may be seen the cactus in many varieties, including the opuntias or prickly pears, which have more than once afforded food for many days to armies traversing these regions. Towards the coast fine prairies, covered with rich grass (the mosquito) occur, over which roam vast herds of mustangs or wild horses. Near San Patricio Mr. Bollaert and his small party were nearly taken by the Comanches; to avoid them required much caution, no lighting of fires, no shooting; and in this way the party were many days with little or no food, one of his party dying in consequence of fatigue.

Section VII. Columbus on the Colorado to Trinity river, and thence to Galveston. Very rich alluvial country was passed over, where tobacco and indigo were grown. Montgomery county presented vast "pine barrens," with the vicinities of rivers fit for cotton, maize, &c. There were reports that good coal was to be found at Oceola. Mr. Bollaert examined the locality with great care, but found no coal, and only slight indications of recently decomposed and slightly bituminized matter. Coal had been reported to exist in other parts of Texas, but it appeared to Mr. Bollaert to have as little foundation as the existence of it at Oceola. The Trinity river was descended in a steamer, passing much well timbered land, cane brakes, cotton and maize plantations, to Galveston. Allusion was then made to researches on the Rio Grande, and the great salt lakes near it, to North Eastern Texas, and a trip from Franklin to the Arkansas, showing that in the Wichita and Kiaway mountains there are indications of gold and lead, and reference was made to the "cross tim-

bers" of Texas. As to climate, it was stated to be as varied as the productive qualities of the soil; but the coast region extends 150 miles in some places inland, and cannot be recommended to European emigrants, but that section is filling up with planters and their negroes from the United States. In 1844 the population was—whites, 100,300; Indians, 25,000; negroes (slaves), 20,000. In 1847 the whites had augmented as well as the slaves. Public debt in 1848, 5,500,000 dollars, the State Government holding 180,000,000 acres of land, which valued at three cents per acre, would pay off the debt. The revenue of Texas in 1847 was 42,000*l.*, the expenditure, 29,000*l.*. The estimated area of Texas is put down at 203,502,000 acres, or nearly four times the size of France.

In commenting upon the memoir of Mr. Bollaert, Sir Roderick Murchison gave great credit to the author, for his clear and well-arranged description of the climatal and geological phenomena of Texas, and expressed regret that their associate, Sir Charles Lyell, should have been prevented from being present, because he would have seen how materially the observations of Mr. Bollaert illustrated his own views of the growth of deltas and new lands on the east coast of America. Although this region has no known productive gold works, still, as Mr. Catlin (in giving a graphic sketch of all the relations of Upper Texas to California in the west, and South Carolina in the east,) had suggested theoretically, that gold ore and quartz rocks might be found to have a continuous "spread" from west to east, he, Sir Roderick, felt bound to say, that the facts did not sustain such a theory. On the contrary, the auriferous chain of the Rocky Mountains, with its subsidiary parallel in California, together with their prolongation in Peru and Chili, are more or less in a meridian direction. In the United States, the Appalachian chain directed from N.N.E. to S.S.W., and composed of the older palaeozoic rocks, becomes auriferous in its southern prolongation, where the sandstone has been converted into quartz, and the shales into crystalline schists.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 9th.—Sir C. Lyell, President, in the chair. Read:—1st. "Observations on Trilobites of the genus Lichas, from Dudley." By Mr. J. W. Fletcher.—2nd. "Remarks on the Structure and Organic Contents of the Inferior Oolite, near Cheltenham, with general observations on that formation in other parts of Gloucestershire." By the Rev. P. B. Brodie.—The outer escarpments of the Cotswold Hills consist of the inferior oolite and lias, as is well seen in Leckhampton hill, of which a detailed section was described. This hill is 878 feet high above the sea, and the oolite beds on the summit are about 230 feet thick. In one bed, named shelly freestone, many fossils are found, of which a large proportion again occur in the great oolite at Minchinhampton, which has a similar mineral character. It thus appears that these deposits, though of very distinct age, have been both deposited under similar conditions in a shallow sea, and that many of the species of animals had lived on from one period to the other. A list of the organic remains is given, which shows that among the molluscs the bivalves generally preponderate,—and fifty-six species are noted as also occurring in the more recent formation.—3rd. Extract of letter to Dr. Daubeny, from the late Mr. G. F. Ruxton, "On the occurrence of Volcanic Rocks along the Chain of the Sierra Madre to its union with the Rocky Mountains, and thus in a more northerly part of Mexico than before observed."—4th. "Notice of the Discovery of a nearly perfect skeleton of the Mastodon *Angustidens*, near Asti, in Piedmont," in a letter to Sir R. I. Murchison, from Prof. Eugène Sismonda. These remains occurred about six leagues from Turin, in a bed of plastic clay containing freshwater shells, and covered with sand.

Many of the bones were much decayed; but the skeleton, preserved in the Royal Museum of Turin, is perhaps the most perfect hitherto found in Europe.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Jan. 22nd.—Mr. W. Cubitt, President, in the chair. Read:—"On the Periodical Alternations and Progressive Permanent Depression of the Chalk Water Level under London," by the Rev. J. C. Clutterbuck. The author began by defining the Chalk Water Level to be "the height to which the water rises at any point, or continuous series of points, in the chalk, or from the chalk in perforations, through the London and plastic clays, above the chalk." The term "Artesiad" was used to describe those wells sunk through the London and plastic clays, in which the water rose from the chalk, or the sands of the plastic clay formation, above the level of those strata, though it might not rise to, or overflow the surface of the ground. Reference was made to papers read before the Institution in 1842 and 1843, in which it was shown that the chalk water level was described by an inclined line drawn from the highest level at which the water accumulated in the chalk, to the lowest proximate vent, or outfall: a general rule, which was found to hold good, not only where the water was reached by sinking into a permeable stratum, but where, as in the London Basin, the water rose from a permeable stratum, through perforations in any impermeable stratum above it. The example treated of in the paper was described by a line inclining at an average of about thirteen feet in a mile, from the outcrop of the London and plastic clays to mean tide level in the Thames, below London Bridge. The height to which water rose in the Paris Basin, from the lower green sand, was adduced in confirmation of that rule. Before the artesian well at Grenelle was bored, M. Arago calculated that the water would rise above the level of the soil at Paris, as it rose above that level at Elbeuf, near Rouen. The height at which the water was found in the lower green sand, near Troyes, being one hundred metres above Paris, and one hundred and thirty-one metres above the sea, the author found that a line drawn from that point to the level of the sea at Havre (where the green sand cropped out), passed over Paris and Elbeuf at the elevation to which the water actually rose in both places. A calculation based on the same principle (taking the level of the water in the lower green sand, at Leighton Buzzard, at two hundred and eighty feet above the sea), showed that if the chalk and gault were bored through in London, the water from the green sand would rise one hundred and fifty feet above Trinity high water mark. Passing from the natural to the actual condition of the chalk water level, under London, there was a general permanent depression of from fifty feet to sixty feet below Trinity high water mark. Measurements of a well in London, in which the level was seldom disturbed, showed periodical alternations, coincident with the exhaustion and replenishment of the chalk stratum by natural causes, to the amount of four feet six inches, and a permanent depression of one foot six inches per annum, or twelve feet in eight years. Again, referring to former calculations, it was shown that the margin of this depression was extending in a greater ratio towards the north than to the south, or S.E. Since 1843, the level was permanently depressed at Hampstead-road, ten feet; Camden Town, nineteen feet; Kilburn, twenty feet; and Cricklewood, ten feet. The limit of the depression being, in 1843, between the latter places. Allusion was then made to the influx of water at the point where the Thames passed over the outcrop of the sands of the plastic clay formation, and the chalk, as a point to be determined by geological inquiry, and connected with observations as to the action of the tides on the level, and the chemical quality of the water, in that neighbourhood. The gene-

ral conclusion drawn from all these facts was, that the rapidity of exhaustion from artesian wells under London greatly exceeded the rapidity of supply; that the amount of defalcation was marked, and could be measured by the extension of a progressive permanent depression, proving that the supply of water from the chalk stratum became each year more precarious, and less to be depended upon, even should there be no addition to the Artesian wells in and around the metropolis.—The discussion was announced to be continued at the next meeting, which would be entirely devoted to it.*

Jan. 29.—During the recent discussion on the above paper, sections and diagrams were exhibited, to show, by the former, that the supposed basin under London, was not as had been shown by geologists; and by the latter, that from July, 1837, to December, 1849, there had been a gradual depression of full fifty feet, in the water of the sand-springs under London; and in consequence of this serious action, several of the wells had become tidal in some localities, and the water was rendered saline. At the termination of the discussion, the attention of the members was directed to a serious case of legislative interference, whereby the free exercise of the professional skill of the members of the Institution was now unwarrantably trammelled, and the public service materially interfered with. The introduction of wrought iron instead of cast iron, into railway bridges, was a recent invention of great value, and of which the most celebrated examples were the Conway and Britannia bridges. The same executive authority which had pronounced the erection of these two bridges to be impracticable, had recently declared, that a railway bridge constructed on a similar principle, and of identical materials, was insufficient in strength, although it was much stronger, in proportion to its possible load, than either the Conway or the Britannia, and infinitely stronger than any of the cast iron girder bridges which had for years adequately performed the public service, and had been by the same authority pronounced to be perfectly safe. The public had thus already been for a month deprived of the use of an important line of railway, by the application of an antiquated formula to a modern invention. For these cogent reasons, it was considered that the members had a right to request the interference of the Council, on the behalf of the profession at large; and they were urged to take such steps as appeared desirable for allowing the free development of engineering talent; and in the words of the Report of a recent Royal Commission, removing from "a subject yet so novel and so rapidly progressive any legislative enactments, with respect to the forms and proportions of the iron structures" of railways, which could not fail to be "highly inexpedient." This proposition was received with acclamation. Mr. Evan Hopkins's great Geological Sections of the Three Branches of the Andes were exhibited in the library. They showed about 260 miles, from west to east, from Choco to the River Meta, in the eastern flanks of the eastern branch of the Andes.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.
EARL DE GREY in the chair. Mr. Donaldson read a communication on the Arrangement and Construction of Dwellings of the Labouring Classes, by Mr. H. Roberts, in which the writer explained his views of what such buildings ought to be, in-

* This is a most important inquiry just now, when the supply of the Metropolis with water must assume a systematic and comprehensive shape. We have this week received a very interesting Report of the London (Watford) Spring-Water Company, by Mr. Homersham; in which the subject is ably discussed; and with maps on a large scale, it is contended that the whole population of the capital may be abundantly supplied with pure water from the Watford Chalk Basin.

† Published by Mr. Weale.

stead of the miserable, crowded, ill-ventilated, and unclean residences, so general in all populous places. He also directed attention to improvements in cottages for the rural population. Mr. Sydney Smirke impressively pointed out how dearly the poor paid for the worst accommodations, and how much better might be profitably provided for them at far less expense. The meeting was numerously attended by many individuals of station and influence, and the important subject seemed to interest them much. At the conclusion, the *Builder* reports that Earl de Grey, in terminating the business, said he wished to make a few observations in connection with the proposed National Exhibition in 1851. It had been suggested that he ought, as their president, to have been a member of the Royal Commission; and it was inferred that, by the omission of his name, the Institute had been slighted. He wished, however, fully to exonerate from this charge the parties who selected the commission. Mr. Labouchere had written to him, requesting him to serve in it, but his health being bad, and having an unwillingness to undertake anything he could not efficiently perform, he declined the office. They might be satisfied they would have a most efficient representative in Mr. Barry.

ARCHITECTURAL ASSOCIATION.

MR. J. D. WYATT in the chair. Mr. Gray read a paper on the Present State of Architectural Art, in which he animadverted on the competition among little builders in London, and the prevalence of the fashion for the Gothic style, which he thought would soon fall to the ground. The opinion hostile to the Gothic was, however, much contested; and the Chairman summed up the debate in a very able manner.

MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.

MR. P. H. GOSSE read a communication on a species of fresh water rotifer (*Melicesta vingeus*), the chief feature in which was to prove that its rotatory action below the disc, went to form its shell, or case, which was not done by any process of the alimentary canal, as supposed by Ehrenberg.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

P. BROWN, Esq., president, in the chair. A new species of fire-fly, discovered by Lord Goderich, on the plant of Solomon's seal, was described in a paper read by Mr. Curtis. Mr. Huxley's paper on Medusa was continued, and presents were acknowledged, and new members elected.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The *Arctic Expedition* sailed from Plymouth at 8 p.m. of the 20th ult., and took the western channel of the Sound. Its course is for Valparaiso direct, and thence for the Sandwich Islands, where instructions are expected from the Admiralty, and the Plover brig will join the Enterprise and Investigator, for Behring's Straits. The orders are to reach that destination in July, and strike the ice by the 1st of August. The vessels are well provided for three years, and Captain Collinson will, as circumstances admit, explore every possible locality in the pursuit of his important mission. The Rev. Mr. Miertsching, late a Moravian missionary on the coast of Labrador, has, we are told, joined the Enterprise, an interpreter to the expedition, when it arrives at the Straits. Mr. Miertsching returned from Labrador in October last. A vocabulary of the Esquimaux language, as far as the resources of their country will afford, has been compiled by Capt. Washington, R.N., for the use of the expedition, in a small portable form, which cannot fail to prove serviceable, as the only vocabularies at present existing are contained in the quarto voyages of Parry, Beechey, and Ross; and consequently are too cumbersome for daily use in the boats, and for parties who may land to communicate with the

natives. The vocabulary is divided into four columns—the first, English; the second, the Esquimaux language, suited to the natives of Kotzebue Sound or Western; the third, to Winter Island and Igloolik or Central; and the fourth, to Labrador or Eastern. Since the ships left Woolwich, everything has been done to provide and fit them for their arduous undertaking. God speed them, and send a happy issue for those they seek.

Log of the Herald and Plover.—The Admiralty have allowed the publication of the proceedings of these vessels in search of Sir John Franklin's expedition, from May 19th to November 22nd, the particulars of which are very interesting, and the general results already known to the public. With the aid of one of Mr. Wyld's maps the localities visited and examined may be readily traced; and it will be seen, between these and a similar view of what Sir James C. Ross did on the other side, what parts yet remain to be explored by new Arctic expeditions.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Jan. 24.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. W. H. Milman, student of Christ Church; Rev. S. Lane, Magdalen Hall; Rev. C. F. Taylor, St. Mary Hall; W. Congreve, Wadham; Rev. W. F. Norris, scholar of Trinity.

Bachelors of Arts.—C. R. Powys, Exeter College; J. W. P. Jones, Worcester; A. M. Sugden; W. H. Humphrey, Wadham; Edward James, St. John's; William Elmhirst, Trinity.

Bachelor of Music.—C. D. Hackett, Magdalen Hall.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

JAN. 31ST.—MR. PAYNE COLLIER, V.P., in the chair.—After the exhibition of one or two articles of trifling importance, which did not attract much attention, a paper from the Lansdowne MSS., of the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was communicated by Sir Henry Ellis. It was the charge delivered to the Lord Mayor of London on his induction to the office, and contained some suggestions which were thought necessary for the improvement of the condition of the Metropolis at that time. A note from Mr. Akerman was then read, giving an account of the opening of some tumuli on the South Downs, in September last. The tumuli on the Downs are of two kinds only—Celtic and Anglo-Saxon; the former occurring sometimes singly, sometimes in groups of three or four, all over the Downs, generally out of sight from the valleys below. The Anglo-Saxon barrows, on the contrary, are found on the brow of some hill overlooking a hamlet or homestead, the name of Anglo-Saxon derivation. The Celtic tumuli opened by Mr. Akerman were unproductive. Three or four distinct heaps of stones beneath one of them evidently had covered distinct sepulchral deposits, but neither urn nor bones were discovered; a few pieces of charcoal were the sole evidences of the rite of cremation. Mr. A. contrasted the results of the opening of three Anglo-Saxon tumuli, in each of which a skeleton was found—one of a boy about fourteen years of age, one of a young man, and the last of a man of advanced age. These deductions were made from the teeth, which in all were remarkably perfect, though on the last much worn. Knives only (the usual curved knife) were found with the last two skeletons. Mr. A. infers that these interments furnish the best evidence of their being those of a people of primitive habits in quiet possession of the country, &c. The spear-head and umbo is rarely found in this district, which he supposes to have been occupied entirely by a rural population. It was announced from the chair that a wrong impression had gone abroad that it was this night when Major Rawlinson was to exhibit his Babylonian or Assyrian antiquities; the fact was, the greater part of them had not yet passed

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the Custom-house: further notice would be given of the night fixed for the purpose.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Entomological, 8 p.m.—British Architects, 8 p.m.—Chemical, 8 p.m.—Medical, 8 p.m.—Pathological, 8 p.m.

Tuesday.—Linnaean, 8 p.m.—Civil Engineers, the monthly ballot, and Mr. Doyne "On the Theory of Transverse Strain, with Rules for Calculating and Constructing the Strength of Cast Iron Beams of Different Forms."

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.—Geological, 8 p.m.—London Institution (Mr. Weld on Arctic Voyages), 7 p.m.—Archaeological Association (Council Meeting), 4 p.m.

Thursday.—Zoological 3 p.m.—Royal, 8 p.m.—Antiquaries, 8 p.m.—Royal Academy, (Mr. Cockerell's sixth lecture on Architecture), 8 p.m.

Friday.—Astronomical (Anniversary) 3 p.m.—Royal Institution (Professor Cowper on the Conway and Menai Bridges), 8 p.m.—Philological, 8 p.m.—Archaeological Association, 8 p.m.

Saturday.—Royal Botanic, 3 p.m.—Westminster Medical (Anniversary) 8 p.m.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

We regret to notice the indisposition of Dr. Buckland, and his consequent absence from this and other learned and scientific meetings. Mr. F. Ouvry presided, and a paper by Mr. E. A. Freeman, "On the Anglo-Saxon Architectural Remains (?) of Iver Church, Bucks," was read by the Secretary. The Hon. Mr. W. Stanley gave an account of the ancient Copper-mines at Llanbedrero, N. Wales, which were discovered three or four months ago (see previous *L. G.*); of the working instruments found, and the animal bones scattered about the cavern. The Rev. Mr. Haslam sent a similar communication relating to some supposed Phoenician tin mines in Cornwall. Urns, armillæ, fac-similes of brasses, and other interesting antiquities were exhibited. A discussion on Arabic numerals let no new light in upon that subject.

THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF SCOTLAND
Met in their Hall, Edinburgh, on the 16th ult., J. W. Mackenzie, Esq., V.P., in the chair. The Duke of Argyll, Lord Murray, and other candidates, were elected, donations received, and preliminary business transacted. Among the donations was a beautiful Cruciform Fibula, probably of the 13th century, found at Kirkwall. It is of bronze, and has been gilded, or rather, plated with gold, in part, and set with jewels, the empty sockets of which alone remain. It is believed to have been dug up in the choir of St. Magnus' Cathedral, during the recent repair and restoration of that venerable edifice.

A Cingalese grant of land was exhibited and explained; but the great interest of the evening was excited by a not strictly antiquarian subject, though a highly poetical and national one, namely, a communication by Mr. William Douglas, embodying the results of an extensive correspondence, and critical research into some important points in the history of ROBERT BURNS, and especially in relation to the date of his connection with "Highland Mary," which, if the conclusions be correct, has hitherto been entirely misunderstood by the poet's biographers. The correspondence took its rise from the recent publication, in Vol. III., of Wood's edition of the "Songs of Scotland," of information derived from a letter from the session-clerk of Greenock, wherein the date of September, 1784, is fixed for Mary's death, but since acknowledged by the writer to be founded in error.

Mr. Douglas's attention was fixed upon the subject by an attempt to construct a chronological table of the incidents in the poet's life. He found no precise epoch assigned for this attachment, nor could any of the dates to which it was conjecturally referred by the biographers be reconciled with the allusion in the verses by which the passion is com-

memorated. Leaving out the heroines of "My Nannie O" and "The Corn Rigs"—who do not seem to be clearly identified—Mr. Douglas counts seven objects of Burns' youthful affections:—1. Handsome Nell, 1773—2. "Saucy Tibbie wi' the hunder marks," 1776—3. Peggy of Kirkoswald (his first serious affection), 1777—4. Montgomery Peggy (the heroine of some seven or eight of his choicest songs, and whom he seems to have wooed only for six or eight months), 1781—5. Elizabeth Paton of Largieside (his "Bonnie Bettie"), 1783—6. Jean Armour (his wife), 1784-1785—and, 7. Highland Mary, whose date it was the object of the inquiry to ascertain. Cromek—whose Reliques appeared in 1808—was the first to assign an epoch to Burns' passion for Mary Campbell, whom he unhesitatingly described as "the first object of the youthful poet's love"—a belief in which he has been followed by most of the biographers. But that the affection must have been at least subsequent to the year 1781, is proved by the Bible (now preserved in the Burns' Monument near Ayr) in which Burns inscribed their vows. The title-page of the volume has the imprint:—"Edinburgh: Printed by the Assigns of Alexander Kincaid, his Majesty's Printer. MDCCCLXXXII." That the passion must have been subsequent to the beginning of 1783, is shown by Burns' appending his mason-mark to his signature on the Bible—a fac-simile of which was shown at the meeting—it being ascertained, by reference to the records of the Tarbolton Mason Lodge, that "Brother Robert Burness" was not initiated in the mysteries of the craft until the year 1783. A scrap-book, containing many fragments of the poet's autobiography, closes in October 1785, without any allusion to Highland Mary. Burns designs himself in the inscription on the Bible as being at "Mossigel," to which place he did not remove until the year 1784—probably after Whit-Sunday. His famous interview with Highland Mary is known to have taken place on the second Sunday of May. It could not have been the second Sunday of May 1784, for Burns was not then in Mossigel; it could scarcely have been the second Sunday of May 1785, because at that time Burns had no thought of leaving Scotland; and his verses to Mary Campbell are full of that idea. It could not have been the second Sunday of May 1787, because Burns' visit to Edinburgh in December previous had removed every motive for going abroad. It must, therefore, have been the second Sunday of May 1786—the year when ruin overtook Burns at Mossigel, when Jean Armour had refused to marry him, and when he resolved to print his verses in order to raise as much money as would take him to Jamaica. A confirmation of this conclusion arises from the way in which Burns has written his name on the Bible—"Burns"—a form of spelling which he did not adopt before the 3d of April 1786, until which time he wrote himself "Burness," as it is still written by some of the poet's kinsfolks in Angus and the Mearns. By comparison of Burns' letters, Mr. Douglas showed that the marriage with Jean Armour was broken off before the 15th of April 1786. Burns then considered himself entirely released from that engagement, and appears to have sought consolation in wooing Highland Mary. The second Sunday of May 1786 fell upon the 14th of the month, the day previous to the servants' term, when Mary left her place at Coilsfield House, and set out for Greenock, on her way to her kinsfolks in the parish of Dunoon, on the north side of the Firth of Clyde. Returning to Greenock in the autumn, she was seized by the deadly fever which then raged in that town, and died without ever again seeing her lover.

At the close of this communication an interesting conversation followed, in which all who took a part cordially assented to the opinion, that not the slightest stain was cast on the poet's memory by this new view.

The correspondence has been presented to the Society.

YORKSHIRE ANTIQUARIAN CLUB.

At the last meeting, Mr. G. T. Jones, in the chair, Mr. Procter, the secretary, announced the presentation of a portion of an urn and some coins, by Mr. Copperthwaite, of Malton, accompanied by a communication from that gentleman, in which he stated that these reliques had been found at Malton, in 1848, in the remains of a Roman tomb, which was situated on the south side of the Roman camp, near to the Pretorian gate. The floor of the tomb, 16 feet square, and six or seven inches in thickness, was composed of a very hard concrete of lime and gravel, mixed with small bruised brick. It was covered with two or three feet of garden soil, and there did not appear to have been any masonry built on or around it. Underneath the floor, at a depth of about two feet, were found the skeletons of a female and child, in an almost perpendicular position, the legs folded on the body. Six or seven feet from the skeletons to the south side was discovered an oblong grave, or cyst, rudely built of small pieces of undressed stone, without mortar, and filled to the top with ashes, like those of burnt sods. As far as could be ascertained, the cyst was about five feet long and two feet wide. In the soil, between the skeletons and the cyst, two Roman coins, one a large brass of Trajan, the other a second brass of Vespasian, and other minor articles were found. Mr. Copperthwaite remarks, "The discovery of this tomb is locally exceedingly interesting, as it presents another evidence of the very early occupation of Malton by the Romans, for the rudeness of the construction of the cyst, and perhaps also the position of the skeletons, may justify its being ascribed to a date contemporaneous with the Emperors whose coins it enclosed; and it is worthy of remark, that of those two Emperors, 18 or 19 different types of their coins have been found at Malton, and several of them in the camp immediately above the tomb." Dr. Thurnam produced a report of the examination of the tumuli on Skipwith Common, known by the name of "the Danes Hills," and which will be re-collected were opened by the club in September last, as described in the *Literary Gazette*. The curious form of the tumuli was pointed out, being circular, and surrounded by a square trench, the four sides of which face the cardinal points. In all the tumuli, traces of interment after burning were found, but no other objects of any description; and in the largest part, of a skeleton, in addition to the charcoal and ashes which it presented in common with the others. Some curious entrenchments and earthworks, which adjoin the tumuli, were described, and a plan of them, by Professor Phillips, exhibited. These earthworks were stated to have much resemblance to those remains of early British villages, which are found on the Downs of Wiltshire, and have been described by Sir R. C. Hoare. On the whole, the conclusion come to respecting them was, that of their being the burial places of a secluded settlement of early Britons.

CHESTER ARCHAEOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE opening meeting of the season was numerously attended, and presided over by the Bishop of the diocese. The impulse given by the annual meeting of the Archaeological Association in autumn appeared to have added strength to the local institution; and clergy, county magistrates, professional men and inhabitants in trade (with large parties of ladies included), filled the large assembly room of the Albion.

The Bishop addressed the meeting, and eloquently commended the object they had in view, viz., to form an Archaeological, Architectural, and Historical Society for the city and county of Chester. His Lordship spoke in very laudable terms of Mr. Ashpitel's lecture on ancient church architecture (see

L. G. Report of the Chester Meeting above referred to), and of the beautiful restorations and improvements in the cathedral consequently effected under the auspices of the Dean, who was present. He also noticed the liberality with which the nobility and gentry around had supported him; the accession of the Marquis of Westminster, Lord Combermere, and other eminent persons, to the ranks of the Society, and other gratifying and encouraging circumstances which attended this their first public appearance.

Mr. J. Williams, the Mayor, proposed the first congratulatory resolution, which he introduced in a lively and popular speech. In the course of it he observed, that there were two historic legends to which he wished to direct the attention of the Society. One of these was that, in former times, the Mayor of Chester having given offence to the inhabitants of North Wales, visited Mold, where, being caught out of his own jurisdiction, they hung him up in a kitchen with as little ceremony as they would hang up a fitch of bacon—an occurrence which he at least hoped would not take place during the present mayoralty. The other legend was this: his audience were aware that children when young required to be danced about with a sort of continuous movement. When this process was going forward the accompanying song in England was generally a little ditty something like this—

"Ride a cockhorse to Banbury cross,
To see a fine lady get on her white horse."

In Wales, however, the customary ditty was somewhat different: and without running the risk of injuring the drum of the Bishop's ear by giving it in the original Celtic, he would take the liberty of translating it as follows—

"Trotting, trotting, trotting to Chester,
To the marriage of the mayor's daughter,
Trotting, trotting, trotting back again,
She's been married many a day."

It would be seen, therefore, that the first idea conveyed to the children of the Principality was the magnificence of the city of Chester, and more particularly of its mayor; and perhaps this ditty may have been composed owing to some magnificent fête given to the inhabitants of the Principality in the immediate neighbourhood on the marriage of the mayor's daughter; though he (Mr. Williams) could hardly expect a similar compliment, as he had not the pleasure of having a daughter marriageable during his mayoralty. In conclusion, he begged to congratulate the meeting on the establishment of this society; for, as had been well observed, and he hoped they would realise it, "whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the scale of thinking beings."

Mr. Randle Wilbraham, jun., seconded the resolution; and the Rev. Chancellor Raikes addressed the meeting in an admirable manner, demonstrating the comprehensive beneficial tendencies of Associations like the present, and its own peculiar claims to the warmest support of the district around. Sir Herbert Maddock, Sir Stephen Glynn, Mr. Hicklin, the Dean, Mr. C. Potts, and the Bishop, in conclusion, also advocated the cause, and were received with the expression of feelings which showed how cordially the unanimous opinion agreed with them, and how surely the Society might reckon on the aid of the public, within the sphere of action, to maintain the usefulness and prosperity of the embodied Chester Antiquaries.

Description of a Roman Building and other Remains lately Discovered at Caerleon. By John Edward Lee. Smith.

This acceptable contribution to archaeology consists of eighteen etchings, which are as creditable to Mr. Lee's artistic ability as the object he has in view in publishing the work is honourable to his public spirit and liberality. Caerleon, so rich in Roman antiquities, is yet without its museum, although, by the exertions of Mr. Lee

and others, five hundred pounds have been collected in the neighbourhood; and Mr. Lee has now, in furtherance of means to complete the interior arrangements of the building, appealed to a generous archaeological public. We trust, for so worthy a purpose, the appeal will not be made in vain. He also publishes the work at his own expense, to induce the public to subscribe, upon the same principle that is applied to make benevolent people more benevolent, i. e. giving them a good dinner for their money. When we look at these etchings of antiquities recently brought to light, and observe how important many of them are, and the precarious position in which, for the want of a few hundreds of pounds, they are placed, we feel more than ever that Government should take up the subject of national antiquities with a protective and fostering hand, and either grant sums of money for preserving such monuments as those at Caerleon, or see if some portion of the funds given annually to the British Museum might not be applied with great advantage towards placing national historical monuments where they would be safe, and, at the same time, accessible. Up to the present day, it is well known the National Museum cannot point to a classified department of national antiquities, although public opinion has roused the trustees to order something of the kind to be prepared. Again, there is, or was, the mere Show exhibition projected for the Society of Arts in spring. (See last *L. G.*) Of what service could such a gathering have been to the science of archaeology, or increasing the spirit for the preservation of national monuments? Idle tricks of mere curiosities, by parties who could not tell an Egyptian from a Saxon relic, or a Bysantine from an old German work of art, can do no good in promoting the strong pull which is so much required to place these matters on their right footing. The Minister who takes them up in an efficient manner will be immortalised as a public benefactor.

FINE ARTS.

Memoir of David Scott, R.S.A. By W. B. Scott. 8vo. Edinburgh. Blacks.

GENIUS disdaining control or direction; but genius, not mere talent and cleverness of the foremost kind, must be accorded to the interesting subject of this fraternal memoir. Now, in this work-a-day world, we are not going to set up Genius as an excuse for every sort of aberration, or as invested with a privilege to run counter to the received opinions which guide the many in the ordinary pursuits of life. We claim for it no exemptions from the dictates of common sense, or the rules of social intercommunication. It may be difficult for it, in certain cases, to accommodate itself to the trivial or sordid relations that combine the vast majority, and, in some cases, impossible to feel or act in unison with the ideas and conduct of the crowd around. For Genius is lofty, and not always tempered with humility. Genius must despise the littlenesses of little people. Genius must abhor the selfishness of the Mammon worshippers and the fraudulent hypocrisies of dishonest being. And thus it is, there is on the other hand a warfare against Genius. In the first place, it is above the understanding of inferior minds. In the next place, its bearing is a reproach to tricking meanness and imposition of every description. It is consequently disliked, misrepresented, hated; all its faults observed, set in a note-book, learnt and conned by rote to cast into its teeth. Therefore is it no enviable possession; and he whom Nature has endowed with the glorious gift, must hug it to his soul for its sake, and be prepared, more or less, to meet with misconstructions, envy, malice, censure, calumny, and more intolerable pity from the earth-worms that fill and grovel in the world.

There are, however, gradations also in Genius. Some are more wayward and impracticable than

others; some are more listless and apathetic than others towards the concerns of restless humanity. Some can hardly stoop to what is deemed the business of life; whilst some few unite, to a useful degree, the splendours of the superior intellect with the routine observances and calculations of worldling prudence or its eidolon cunning. But in the theories of pounds, shillings, and pence, nearly all, without exception, are miserably deficient; and hence they are such easy prey to the designing, who plunder and abuse them. What chance had such a man as David Scott in the *mele?* and yet he was addicted to it, and his chief error lay in the hot disposition to be dabbling in hot water. Like other persons eminent in science, whom we could name, he was desperate for controversy; and, convinced that he was in the right, like them, flung philosophy to the winds.

He was high-aspiring, but not popularly successful in his profession. Yet his art was grand, original, and imaginative. He thought and he created. Verily, this was too much to be appreciated in our time. And his execution was not equal to his conceptions; and in painting, this is, perhaps, a greater drawback than in any other species of effort. Actors, orators, projectors, authors, musicians, &c., have more allowance made for partial failures in perfecting their performances, and, in most instances, have credit given them for more than they actually achieve; whilst the painter is tried by a severer test, and is rarely, if ever, favoured by having his imperfections fancied into pseudo-excellences by the kindly filling up of the spectator critic.

The biography before us is somewhat painful. So small a lever, it appears, would have been sufficient to lift the artist to fortune and fame, that we cannot but deplore its never having been found. In that case, it is probable his impracticability would have been softened down, and his dreaminess converted into essential and noble parts. But disappointment was his lot, and he retired, as well as he could, into that other world of reverie and castle-building which can abstract the mind of the suffering man of genius from stern or pitiful realities, and which is so ready a resort to the struggling race. In this sad glowing limbo, this dark brightness, this unsubstantial reality, the scholar produces his learned works, the sculptor his everlasting forms, and painter and the poet their immortal images: it is the true Refuge for the Destitute, whom the whips and scorns which patient merit from the unworthy says:—

"Regarding these disputes, the present writer is not sufficiently informed to speak; but that the Academy has been and must be successful, the general history of the matters in debate has proved.

"That this kind of interference and influence was not unpleasant to David Scott is true, and that in other matters wherein he was not called upon to arbitrate. Granted that he was ever conscientious, and a hater of all lubricity in matters of fact in others, he was, on the other hand, perfectly arbitrary in his own affairs, and did not confine himself to these in his correspondence and decisions. Never, however, did he lose the respect of others, although often their assistance. Thus the influential body in the purchase of pictures in Edinburgh, who efficiently aided him up to 1843, ceased from that time forth. Whether we have rightfully or wrongfully here connected cause with effect, we know that continued friendship with him began to be accounted difficult. Among his papers and letters, moreover, there are numerous evidences of

his having voluntarily taken up public questions, and thrust his car into troubled waters. He always did so with penetration it is true; sometimes strangely so, as might be expected from a truthful man of large acquirements viewing the matters in debate from a distant and extreme point. He was like a Dominican stepping from his cell into a masquerade, and forcing the masques to swear on their oath that they were truly enjoying themselves."

An existence sufficiently troubled in itself had no need of external turbulence to vex it more; and how melancholy the closing scenes. In his diary, Feb. 1845, we read:—

"Oh, hopeless, and yet hopeful, these years have been. Months must yet grow upon months before there arises the chance of my expectations being realised—before any elevation of the shroud which now, for four years, has wrapped a beloved vision, can be looked for. A wretched fate is mine. Days all dim: nights only quiet in sleep. No faith, no joy, all torpor and unrepose. No good to meet, nor good to do."

"June 1st. A joy visited me one day, and in the next unaccountable darkness. When is this perplexing net to resolve itself into a strengthening mantle? Are these perplexities to result in a greater confirmation and support of the true in my efforts; or must I break through and leave them, associated as they have been with years of my life? Trust troubled with doubt!"

"Read lately the essays of Emerson—a worthy thinker. The other day mentioned him to Professor Wilson, who proposed to read him, and said he fancied he was both better and worse than Carlyle—higher and lower. Speaking of the French revolution, I brought Carlyle up again. The Professor objected to his incessant fault-finding with the appearances of men, even on their way to the guillotine. If one joked and was indifferent, or another was pale and his lip quivered, both alike, met the sarcastic criticism. 'I wonder,' said he 'how Carlyle would look himself, roused of a morning, and no time allowed for shaving, put into a tumbril with five-and-twenty others, in the way of the wind, would he not look pale?' I fancy he would afford a pretty remarkable description? They were all so young too.' He had cut his foot wading while fishing, and is a water drinker. Long may he drink it and wade in it. The best moral philosophy is in the generous breath of his nostrils, in the beaming of his bright eye, in his ready word, and in his streaming hair."

"In Emerson I find many things that meet conclusions formed, and feelings experienced by myself."

To this miscellaneous quotation we will here add a few more as specimens of the book:—

"May 1846. A strange passage of time to me since last I wrote here: tearing down, disturbing, and exhausting; yet I am confirmed and strengthened. In one vital desire of my life all expectation is now baffled. Professional success, too, appears further from me than ever. Repose in mind, nevertheless; but the body is affected. Much disappointment I have lately experienced, and some satisfactions, and much worthy sorrow, in which I at the end rejoice."

"To-day conclude re-writing the first book of my poem, 'British Deed; or Trafalgar.' Nearly two books are now composed. I am now painting the Triumph of Love. It must be a gay, brilliant, poetic picture, or none at all"

"1847, June. Fixed and immovable now in mood of mind. Writing poem of Trafalgar. Hard I write, and hard I feel. Wonder at the trouble I took to record some of my former memoranda, in respect to things now to me lifeless dry bones or dissipated mists."

"July. Memorable to me is this past month—memorable, but not to be recorded. The vision is gone, dispelled utterly. Why was it ever formed?

Memory and hope can ye answer. Time must yet smooth it all out, and show me a holier trust."

"Again, in regard to my works, suffer defeat—no reward, great loss. And my brother too, why can he not do what I want?"

"Portrait of Emerson nearly done during his stay here. My first impression of him was not what I expected it would have been. His appearance is severe, and dry, and hard. But although he is guarded, and somewhat cold at times, intercourse shows him to be elevated, simple, kind, and truthful."

"March 1848. Rain and chills—much troubled health—fettered means. Working on pictures, 'Hope passing over the Sky of Adversity.' Hope is the gracious angel that abides with us last. 'Marinus and the Executioner,' 'Queen Mary on the Scaffold' also; and retouching finally 'Time surprising Love,' and 'Children following Fortune.' Months ago completed the fourth book of 'Trafalgar,' and offered it to some publishers.

"The idea of going abroad is forced upon me. Must I, to endeavour to gain a living, break up and destroy years of long labour? Am I to go out upon the world, and give my time up to things totally away from all the bearing of my efforts, and the endeavours of my life? Lose all my hopes, position, friends? [I act struggling against the thought; it is sore to think of, and much denied by my wishes and feelings; yet, what is to be done?"

"In the end of a memorandum book is written in different kinds of pencil and ink, as if he had opened it once a year to inscribe a single word:—

"1844. Desolate, and very weary of suspense."

"1845. A gleam of sunshine this year; but again a storm, and a night of hail, of sleet, and a long chill."

"1846. Silence, the sullen salve of suffering."

"1847. A broken ray in turbid rain."

"1848. Withering."

This is enough to make a man shed tears: it has affected us strongly, and we gladly pass to other matters. Scott's first picture exhibited in London, prophetically entitled, "The Hopes of Early Genius dispelled by Death," was in 1828, when he relates the following amusing anecdote:—

"2d June. Sketching for some time in the National Gallery. I went to Turner's one day lately, and was making a little memorandum of one of his pictures on the back of a card, when a servant entered and said, 'Master don't allow sketching.' I was somewhat surprised, as no one had been in the room, and the door shut. However, I hardly considered what I was doing to be sketching, so I put in the line of the distance, which took two moments. Immediately I bounced a short stoutish individual, the *genius loci* himself. He said he was sorry I had not desisted, and I replied that what I had done was a mere trifle. He muttered something about memoranda and first principles, whereon I showed to him, and tore it up. He must have a peep-hole, and yet he is really a great painter."

In 1830 he mentions the "very highest artistic praise" bestowed upon him by the *Literary Gazette*; and, we think, if we had seen more of him in London, he would have received more remunerating and stimulating encouragement than was possible in Edinburgh. Perhaps some Mæcenas might have arisen to support and cheer him. We now copy an example of his detached thoughts:—

"Men, when numerously and closely compacted together, growing in constant contact, are like a bed of turnips too thickly sown, where one prevents the growth of the other, and all are alike stunted. The largest growths will be found on the outskirts, where a seed has fallen on the rough mould, separate from the rest."

"Every man who he lives in a principle, when he has the opportunity of enforcing it, becomes great."

"Big square-headed men are those who care most for their own interests, which are generally of a selfish kind: when endowed intellectually, they are the great men in politics or other spheres of exertion which combine action and reflection. Men of smaller, or of prominent and sloping fore heads, have more passion and impulse: they are usually the *subjects* of a principle or of a passion. If the former, they may be poets or painters, or the victims of self-sacrifice in any great form: this is their selfishness. If they are the subjects of the latter, i.e., passion and impulse, they form the dissipated classes. The square-headed men usually keep these tendencies in obedience to the laws of society, and manage to advance themselves, taking these laws as their standard. The one is the judging, the other is the intuitively perceiving head. So far my phrenology goes."

"Why is wit mean? It is admired, and yet it is considered inferior. The witty man is not often able to think deeply. All this is the case, because wit is the contrary to *direct* thought. It consists in discovering resemblances, not in the ultimate meanings of things, but in their specialities or coverings, which are non-essentials. Wit is therefore very attractive to those who are blind to essentials, and by practice becomes their faculty. They are continually busying themselves about individualities and subordinate points. To the definition of wit, 'That it is the finding of resemblances in things very different,' might have been added, 'dealing with inferior or subordinate meanings.'

"The history of mind is analogous to that of the natural world; it presents its chronological varieties or strata. It has undergone successive formations, violent displacements, and gradual changes."

"Every work or performance (of the voice in music for instance) may be considered in two ways. It may be considered by itself as an expression of nature, and as spiritually related; and comparatively, as it affects others by the compass and power displayed. A voice not high, gracious, or good, in its spiritual expression, may have great extent of capacity. This is the case in regard to the singing of Jenny Lind. Her voice has great modulation and compass, but it is not in itself gracious, or related to the transcendental good in nature. The lady who sang after her, a stouter, shorter woman, had far more humanizing, heart-winning voice, without the same capacity.* It was moral or loveable in its nature. Neither of them had an intellectual or grand character. Lind's voice belongs to the brilliant and capacious, having at the same time simplicity. Thus it has an advantage over most modern brilliant things in art or literature: they have capacity and brilliancy, but without simplicity. They end in artificiality, which she does not. But still, although her voice is pleasing, it is not that of a woman in *idea*—it is not either morally or sensually loveable, still less is it seraphic. It is a rare thing, showing great power highly cultivated; it possesses the qualities demanded by the present day—finish and extent."

The following relates to an important epoch in the fine arts:—

"The grand topic of 1842, in the artistic world, was the employment of painting in the New Houses of Parliament. Scott being one of the few artists in the country who had done anything in fresco, looked forward to this with much interest. In February he published his pamphlet, entitled 'British, French, and German Painting: being a reference to the grounds which render the proposed painting of the New Houses of Parliament important as a public measure.'

"In this pamphlet we find an able exposition of the characteristics and properties of the three schools, and a review of the English artists who have made the higher walks of art their study. The causes of the want of encouragement of our

* Was this Alboni?

artists whose aims have been the highest, were partially pointed out—for unsupported they have all been; and even the designs of Flaxman, so much admired over all Europe, and published in Rome, were a dead stock in the London market for years. The truth is, that the sphere of the arts in England is social life, and it is well that such is the case. The painter must take with him the sympathies of the day; he must aid the gentler virtues. High art, like epic poetry, has embodied itself in certain ages of the world, freely aid with energy, but the English mind has never manifested itself in that form. Our artists must address both sexes. Of the various branches of painting among us, that of landscape is the most sought after. Somehow or other, landscape scenery is now considered the most poetic of all things, not only in painting but in verse-making. Portrait or animal painters can appropriate to themselves Iago's advice; and among those who aspire to depict human nature, they who limit themselves to familiar illustrations are most successful. Very extraordinary are the limitations to be found among the latter; one book or two of a popular kind will be often found to constitute their library, and over these will their lives be spent. Whatever is intended to be popular, must be easily understood; and the constant reiteration of the same subject and class of subjects, insures that at least. Another result of popularity is, that prettiness is substituted for beauty and character. An amusing instance of this was related by an artist lately engaged on a series of Shakspeare's female characters. On presenting his embodiment of Mrs. Page to the gentleman superintending the work, it was objected that the face was too old. 'Why,' said the artist, 'as it is I have made her very little older than her daughter.' 'But,' said the other, 'you must make her just as young and as handsome, if you can. We can put them at separate parts of the work. Who do you think will buy her, if she is not young and pretty?' A softening down of all peculiarity and emphasis has resulted from the exclusive desire to please, incompatible with great efforts, and that in the works of even our men of genius the first in rank. Wilkie, whose perception of character and power in depicting it has never been surpassed, in his later years, in pictures of a large size, studied even his male characters from female models. The hands of Tippoo Saib dead in battle are the hands of a woman—studied, as those will recollect who saw his sketches, from the female model; and even the head of Palafox defending Saragossa, if we are not mistaken, is studied from the female model so well known in his pictures. That Wilkie was not without his object in this is clear enough; but he did not work on this principle in any of his best pictures, either those done in his earlier or later time—the Rent Day or the Knox administering the Sacrament.

"These remarks may fitly introduce our notice of the next public appearance of David Scott—the exhibition of his large picture of Vasco de Gama, the discoverer of India, passing the Cape of Good Hope and there encountering the Spirit of the Storm."

There are many observations on this picture, and an etching in the volume. It is unquestionably an admirable and epic composition, and his brother sadly says:—

"The pictorial and poetic capability of the subject was great, and fitted to his powers—the only rule of choice for him. So this intense labour of nearly two years—one of the greatest works of modern art—recoiled upon its author with a sadly depressing effect."

The hero of the scene is wonderfully fine, and, of all the rest, we only object to the horror-struck figure with clasped hands in the centre foreground, which fixes and distracts the eye from the principal object. To us, however, the "Procession of Unknown Powers," is a more capti-

vating production. We hardly know of anything to compare with, and certainly nothing to surpass it in the dead or living circle of British art. There are faults in the drawing, both in the lower limbs of the Gazer upon these shadowy Powers, and in those especially of the third of them from the left; but the expression of the wrapt mortal is glorious, and the imagination lavished upon his vision worthy of the noblest conception of any poet or painter that ever lived. And we may specifically mention here what readers will have gathered from our extracts, that Scott was a Poet as well as a Painter; and some of his effusions are given by his biographer with a confession that robs them of much of their interest—namely, that he has "found it necessary materially to alter them."—P. 311.

We shall only add that Scott, proceeding on erroneous data, failed in his competition among the frescoes in Westminster Hall, and, in conclusion, copy another passage of his original notices:—

"Strongly persuaded that the immediate contact of the human body with the natural substances about us must be influential in preserving it in a just and healthy state. The contact of the naked feet with the earth for instance. The beneficial effect of exercise may result from the increased rapidity of respiration—the inhaling of an extraordinary quantity of air in a pure state. If the attention be concentrated on any subject of study, it represses the operation of the lungs; but the lungs should be fully inflated every inspiration. The application of water to the body, too, is important. After being wet in a shower of rain, we feel a certain sharpness of the senses very remarkable.

"Standing in the sun (not after exercise), and placing a sheet of white paper so that the shadow of the person so standing may fall upon it, a vaporous exhalation may be seen. It cannot be seen from the body itself, but its shadow may be seen on the paper."

The account of his death-bed and death are very affecting, and there is a great deal of various matter in the work which we have not even touched upon, which will amply repay the reader for its perusal and study. His unrewarded love—his residence in Rome—his notes on arts and artists, and his criticisms generally, supply food for much intellectual gratification.

Mr. F. C. Lewis's picture, *The Installation of His Highness the Nawab Nazim of Bengal*.

We have to correct an error which unfortunately appeared in our last issue regarding this picture, and which originated in the clumsiness of the "Rapin," or attendant at Mr. Lewis's studio. We find that we have reviewed another and preceding work of the artist, the present picture not being shown to us; we consequently attributed those commendable tastes, and that cultivation of them to the prince whose "Installation" was displayed upon the wall.

We have now, therefore, to notice the fresh instance of the indefatigability and well-directed talent of this rising artist, in a work which he has just brought to England from His Highness of Bengal to Her Majesty the Queen. It represents the enthroning of that prince, which took place in November, 1847, at his capital, Moershahabad. The scene is a very striking one. The company, amounting to some 150 persons, are all native, with the exception of the British representative (Henry Torrens, Esq.).

They are assembled in a magnificent marble hall, of circular form, some 70 feet high. The young prince, surrounded by his officers of state, is seated on his alabaster throne and receives the homage of relatives and dependants, and distributes to them garments of silver and gold, indicative of his regard or their rank. It is what is termed in art a "circular composition," one we always consider to be of difficult treatment, but which Mr. Lewis has accomplished in a truly artist-like manner. His figures

are seated, standing, and in action; amongst the latter are the numerous heralds, proclaiming the titles of the prince, and ushering the candidates for his notice, some of whom perform their prostrations on entrance. The picture is of colossal size, and embraces the coloured skylight of the domed and elaborate ceiling, and through which is shed (and with very admirable skill) a golden ray, or sunbeam, adroitly directed to the very brow of the royal occupant of the "Throne," while the marble floor again reflects the rich draperies of the various groups and the Corinthian columns of the very chaste and magnificent apartment.

The picture is now in progress of engraving, and the well-known reputation of Mr. Lewis, sen. (the Queen's engraver), ensures to the prince and to the public a noble and imposing plate, and one, we predict, which will greatly add to the reputation of the enterprising son, who is now, we learn, preparing to add the palm of Literature to the laurel of Art, by the publication of his extensive travels in the East.

In concluding this notice of a very interesting work, we repeat our eulogiums on the fine taste of the young prince, who thus displays his regard for the Fine Arts. It is very cheering to learn that civilisation is making such rapid strides in our eastern possessions. The descendant of Suraj-o-Dowlah (of "Black-hole" notoriety) dwelling in an English palace, and surrounded with the luxuries of literature and art, and the company of Englishmen of highly cultivated minds. To make the *amende* for our previous mistake, we desire it to be clearly understood that (erring in the title) we intended every syllable of our panegyric to be applied to the Prince of Bengal, who, we are assured from every Indian quarter, has pre-eminently deserved them. His noble palace on the banks of the Ganges, a hundred miles above Calcutta, must have an extraordinary effect in an eastern clime.

Napoleon's Eagle. Drawn by E. Landseer. Engraved by H. J. Ryall. Grundy.

HAYDON made a great sensation by his portrait of Napoleon himself, with his back to the spectator, and his countenance concealed by the turn of the head as he gazed across the wide ocean. It was an idea, probably suggested by the classic anecdote of the painter covering a father's grief so overwhelming, that its expression was unattainable by Art. The second version was nevertheless as original and as fine as the first; and Haydon was no borrower from the ancient authority. In like manner Edwin Landseer's Eagle is a new and touching conception. The sun is rising in all his glory, but the bird which alone can look upon his dazzling beams is lowly and drooping upon the earth. What is it that thus causes it to drop in every feather, and contemplate with an air of inconsolable sadness the orb which would have called it to dare the blue Empyrean? It is the shadowy countenance of the dead Napoleon, unilluminated by the glowing light; a poem of the pencil! No storied urn or animated bust could tell the tale with such marvellous sympathy. It is a most captivating production, and Mr. Ryall, by his excellent engraving, has done justice to the feeling of the painter.

BIOGRAPHY.

Francis (Lord) Jeffrey died at his residence, Moray-place, Edinburgh, on the evening of Saturday last, the 26th of January. On the preceding Tuesday he was apparently well and discharging his duties as a Lord of Session; but in the evening he was seized with his mortal malady, bronchitis, which no medical skill could arrest, and which carried him off at the end of four days. Lord Jeffrey played a most distinguished part on that Organ, which has arrived at so great a degree of public influence as to have been called "the Fourth Estate" of these realms—THE PRESS. A native of the city, he was one of the brilliant

Whig constellation, who, in 1803, commenced the *Edinburgh Review*; having completed his education at Glasgow and Oxford, with so high a reputation for talent, as justly to entitle him to join in the undertaking with such men as Brougham, Sydney Smith, Mackintosh, and Horner. Of this powerful publication, which gave a new and higher tone to literary criticism, and almost originated that class which made politics its chief aim and end, he was soon appointed the editor, and filled the responsible post with abilities, the influence of which the whole civilised world has felt, till the year 1823, when he was succeeded by Mr. Macvey Napier, at whose death the office was transferred to Mr. Empson, who married Lord Jeffrey's only daughter, and is Professor of Civil Law at the Hertford East India College. The range of Lord Jeffrey's critical essays was wide and various, but chiefly upon works which might be best described as of a truly literary nature, such as Poetry, Fiction, Biography, and occasional History, more rarely Philosophy, and never abstract Science. In all he wrote shone brightly acuteness, a knowledge of life, comprehensive views, and a sparkling vivacity of style, which few authors have ever surpassed. His services to his party were great, and he was consequently enabled to rise at the bar to appointments, and to be elected into the House of Commons. In this sphere, however, he did not shine conspicuously as in his own; and we believe his love of social and other London enjoyments during the four years of his parliamentary career probably contributed to and consoled him for his partial failure in realising the hopes engendered by his preceding fame. In 1834 he was elevated to his seat on the Scottish judicial bench, and for the last fifteen years of his life admirably sustained the character of an accomplished lawyer and impartial judge.

He was in his 78th year, and had been twice married; his surviving widow, to whom he was united in 1813, an American lady, Miss Wilkes, reputed to be a collateral descendant of the celebrated Alderman John Wilkes. Few individuals belonging to the Anonymous (or pseudo-Anonymous) power have ever produced greater effects upon their period and country than Lord Jeffrey; and most truly may it be said that by his death a great public light has been extinguished. In private life he was delightful, and his picturesque abode, at the foot of the beautiful Corstorphine Hills, so near to the capital, and yet so retired, so lonely and romantic, was a Tusculum worthy of the golden age of warm, social happiness and supreme intellectual recreation.

Sir Felix Booth, Baronet, who, by his munificence in promoting the Arctic Expedition, under Sir John Ross, was not only raised to a Baronetcy but had his name affixed to a country for ever, Boothia Felix, died suddenly at Brighton last week.

Mr. O. Rich, the bookseller of Red Lion-square, and a distinguished Book Collector, died on the 20th ulto. He was the Author of the *Bibliotheca Americana*, 2 vols. 8vo, and for many years the American agent for the *Literary Gazette*. An estimable man in private life and business. He was 66 years of age.

MUSIC.

Théâtre Français, St. James's.—This theatre produced its third novelty—in as many weeks—last Monday, and advances rapidly under this spirited management. *Le Caid*, as this last production is called, is by Ambroise Thomas, a young composer of great repute in France, and the author of *Les deux Echelles*. It is a genuine and most clever *Couffonnerie*, something like *La Prova*, and occupies in lyrics the position of the famous *Fière Brûlante*. The whole of the opera is written, like the music assigned to Caffarelli

in *Le Bouff et le Tailleur*, as a counterfeit and parody of the Italian peculiarities, but not in the least as burlesque. It is, in fact, a satire drawn for the delicate appetite of *cognoscenti*—the uninitiated enjoy it with downright faith, in its genuine coinage. Of course the plot is very extravagant, and, Heaven knows, this also is a fine-drawn satire upon the usual run of our librettis. This *Caid* is an Algerine official, whose dread of robbers and assassins is worked upon by two Parisian adventurers who profess to have specifics against fraud and violence. Mlle. Charton, as the *Paris Grisette*, exhibited a vein of racy humour which we did not anticipate, and was enthusiastically applauded for her singing. She had a difficult part to play, for not only in the music most florid and most difficult, as may be presumed from its nature, but she had to tread in the footsteps of Mme. Ugalde, a cantatrice who is at this moment creating a *furore* in Paris, and whose powers, of extraordinary brilliancy and finish, are intimately associated with the character. Mlle. Charton, however, can sustain the comparison without flinching. M. Chateauford, also, who is daily increasing in favour, was quite at home in his comic element, and M. Nathan lent the aid of his excellent voice. Altogether, the production of this opera here may, for completeness and efficiency, be said almost to equal the standard of the *Opera Comique* in Paris, and that is no slight praise. The performance seemed to be highly relished, and naturally so, for it is of a kind entirely new to our stage, except in the shape of regular burlesque, which is not a satire, musically speaking, but mostly a parody upon particular performers. M. Chollet had his share of the entertainment in a different form. He played in the celebrated *Maitre de Chapelle*, of Paer, and gave the best interpretation we have seen in this country of that clever work.

THE DRAMA.

Olympic.—An adaptation by Mr. Oxenford, of Thomas Corneille's tragedy of *Ariadne*, was produced on Monday evening, we presume, for a similar purpose to that for which alone it is occasionally acted on the French stage, namely, to give an opportunity for a display of acting in the part of the heroine. The piece itself is so lame, devoid of interest and incident, that, despite the clever manner in which it has been rendered into English, and the skilful alterations of the adaptor, it dragged heavily through, in five short acts, but met with great applause at the fall of the curtain, so that its production must be chronicled as a success. Mrs. Mowatt's performance of *Ariadne* was of course the great feature of the evening, and the fair transatlantic artist must have been thoroughly satisfied with the lion's (or lioness's) share of the applause which she received. However, her version of the character appeared to us to want force and variety, and to lack altogether that epigrammatic sting (so to speak) which the language of French tragedy, whether in the original or translated, demands. Mr. John Reeve made his first appearance here on the same evening, in a one act farce called, *A Husband wanted*; which was unsuccessful. On Thursday evening the management, which seems determined not to be deficient in activity, favoured us with another new farce, adapted, we believe, from the French, and not altogether new to the London stage, by Mr. Wigan, who played the principal part in it. Unlike its predecessor, this piece met with an enthusiastic reception. The comic incidents with which it abounds arise from a series of tricks played off upon a country coxcomb (Mr. Compton) by his rival, a young officer (Mr. Wigan) in the course of which the former is made to believe that he has killed two brothers, and the latter personates various characters for

the purpose of annoying him, in the end, of course, succeeding in his attempt to drive his rival from the field. The acting both of Mr. Wigan and Mr. Compton was extremely clever, and tended greatly to the thorough success of the farce.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WAITING FOR THE COUNTESS.

(Lines on seeing Landseer's fine drawing of a beautiful and favorite Hound, belonging to the Countess of Blessington.)

'Tis sweet to watch the morning break
O'er mountains bleak and bare,
To view the clouds, like vessels, take
The azure sea of air!
To watch morn's magic pencil touch
Each golden stream and grove;—
And sweet it is—when loving much,
To wait for her we love.

Man speaks of "friendship, faith, and truth,"
But oft his acts declare
His friendship is a dream of youth;
His faith a thing of air!
And if an honest heart on earth
Is really to be found,
'Tis not so oft in *Human* worth,
As in the wortlier hound!—

Oh! never knight to ladye bright—
Nor bard's impulsion'd breath—
Nor cavalier in maiden's ear—
Ere seem'd more true to death
Than this half-reasoning, noble brute,
That puts Man's truth to shame!—
This creature—eloquent though mute!—
And friend—in more than name!

Thou*, loved as genius must be loved,
And famed as beauty's famed;
Admired wherever thou hast moved,
Renowned wherever named;
Not one of all the friends thou'st found,
Whose words and looks were sweet,
Ere loved thee better than this hound,
That waits thy coming feet!

Rank—station—beauty—what are all,
If all yet fail to win
A heart—still true to friendship's call,
Still warm with love within?
Oh, Life is lone—and little worth—
Unless affection meet
A faithfulness like *his* on earth,
That waits thy coming feet!

1846. CHARLES SWAIN.

VARIETIES.

Freak of Prussian Education.—The Prussian Minister of Education has issued a notice, offering a prize for the best essay on the cost of public buildings and works of art that have been erected or ordered by various states at different epochs; works of "monumental character" are particularly specified. The motive for the inquiry is stated to be a desire to know what the money value of the artists, architects, or sculptors may have been among the ancients. The extent of the works are to be borne in mind, as well as the different epochs that are considered to have been the most favourable to the creative arts; they are to be reduced to what would be the present amount in Prussian currency, and the author is to be at liberty to publish his essay afterwards for his own profit.

School of Design.—On the evening of Thursday week we attended the exhibition of drawings, original designs, and models of the students executed in the schools during the year, as mentioned in our last *Gazette*. The number catalogued is 1,239, though the whole exhibition amounts to 6,347. The superiority over former years, with respect to usefulness, is, as we observed, decidedly marked, and we were glad to see that many beautiful designs for dresses, lace, &c., in the female school, have been purchased by manufacturers. No. 953, for a Table Cover, Miss C. Palmer, is of great beauty, and composed of groups of the Madavelia. In the male school, No. 413, for an Axminster Carpet, C. Hanson, struck us as being exceedingly rich, and we may mention some good examples of stained glass, though our space will not permit us to enumerate a

* The Countess.

considerable number of other productions well worthy of approbation. One thing we noted for regret, viz., No. 260, an elaborated absurdity, called a design for a Cinque-cento Chimney-piece, by one of the masters.

—A School of Design has been opened at Cork, and our old and valued correspondent, Mr. Roche, president of the Institution, delivered an excellent address on the occasion. Mr. Willes is appointed master.

Indicators for Ovens.—Amongst improvements in the construction and arrangement of apparatus for cooking, for heating, for evaporating fluids, &c., recently patented by Mr. T. Masters, and described and illustrated in "The Patent Journal," we find an improved indicator, applicable to ovens, so simple and so useful that no kitchen range hereafter will be complete without it. It consists of a glass tube, nearly a circle, hermetically sealed at one end, the other being connected with a metal tube containing mercury, proceeding from the interior of the oven. In the glass tube the mercury rises by expansion from heat, and the scale is graduated so as to indicate the proper temperature for each particular purpose that may be required. The outer ring of the scale is marked after Zero, with preserves, gingerbread, rock, diet bread, Italian bread, pies, sweet biscuit, pound cake, sponge cakes, poultry, pastry, bread, biscuits, &c. &c. When the mercury expands to the baking point of either of the said compounds, the oven is fit to receive it; and the inner circle indicates the time the same temperature should be retained during its stay therein.

Anna Maria Jones (soubriquet) the author of 38 volumes of novels, but whose occupation, like Othello's, is now gone, appeared last week before Sir Peter Laurie, to repudiate a pseudo Anna Maria Jones who had sought public compassion through the now common medium of a police appeal. Her representation did credit to her feelings. She is the widow of the late Mr. Lowndes, the dramatic bookseller, and, though in straitened circumstances, was not a claimant on public charity.

Ornithology.—Mr. Wasey, of Portsmouth, in a letter to *The Times*, states, that near Andover, during the severe frost, he witnessed a magpie bearing off a full-grown red-wing, whose eyes it had pecked out, and would soon have killed, if it had not been disturbed. It is remarkable that so large a living prey should have been thus attacked, as if by a larger species of hawk, and his assailant a magpie.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Blakey's (R. B.) *Philosophy of the Mind*, 4 vols 8vo, cloth, 3*s.*

Blunt's (Rev. J. J.) *Four Sermons before University*, boards, 5*s.*

Bohn's *Scientific Library*; Humboldt's *Views of Nature*, cloth, 5*s.*

Scientific Library; *Hand Book of Games*, cloth, 5*s.* Illustrated Library; Lodge's *Portraits*, vol. 4, cloth, 5*s.*

Classical Library; Livy, vol. 3, cloth, 5*s.*

Brodie's (P. B.) *Tax on Successions and Burthens on Land*, &c., 8vo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Caulfield's (J. B.) *Mathematical and Physical Geography*, 12mo, cloth, 3*s.*

Courtship and Wedlock, 3 vols, 1*v.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

Dod's *Parliamentary Companion*, 1850, 32mo, cloth, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Ellen Clayton, 3 vols, post 8vo, 1*v.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

Evan's (Rev. R. W.) *Parochial Sketches in verse*, 12mo, cloth, 6*s.*

Evelyn's *Diary and Correspondence*, New Edition, vol. 1, cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Fry's (Rev. H. R.) *System of Penal Discipline*, 8vo, cloth, 6*s.*

Glenly's *Hand Book to Flower Garden*, 12mo, cloth, 5*s.* 6*d.*

Golden Manual, 12mo, cloth, 6*s.*

Grey and Sheriff's *Thoughts on Self-Culture*, 2 vols, 8vo, cloth, 16*s.*

Green's *Juvenile Library*, vol. 6, 1*s.*

S. School Library, vol. 4, 1*s.*

Holiday Library, vol. 6, 1*s.*

Holy Thoughts from Our Old Writers, 5th Edition, 12mo, cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

Jeremy's *Analytical Digest of Cases*, 1849, royal 8vo, 9*s.*

Lady of the Bedchamber, by Mrs. A. Crawford, 2 vols, post 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Lamb's (C.) *Letters*, 12mo, cloth, 6*s.*

Mahomet's Life, by W. Irvine, cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Marryat's Little Savage, New Edition, 2 vols, 12mo, cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Neale's (Rev. E.) *Life Book of a Labourer*, New Edition, 12mo, cloth, 5*s.*

Passages from Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland, 3 vols, 2nd Edition, 1*v.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

Political Economy, from Encyc. Met., post 8vo, cloth, 4*s.*

Prescott's Works, vol. 5; *Conquest of Mexico*, vol. 2, cloth, 6*s.* 6*d.*

Railway Travelling Map, England, &c., 4to, roan, 17*s.* 6*d.*

Rowcroft's (C.) Evadne; or an Empire in its Fall, 3 vols, post 8vo, 1*v.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

Scenes in Civil War in Hungary, 2nd Edition, cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Scott's (David) Memoirs, by W. B. Scott, 8vo, cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Sketches of Cantabs, 2nd Edition, 18mo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Soane's (G.) *New Curiosities of Literature*, 2 vols, 2nd Edition, post 8vo, cloth, 12*s.*

Tennyson's Princess, New Edition, 12mo, cloth, 5*s.*

Thompson's (W.) *Natural History*, Ireland Birds, vol. 1, cloth, 16*s.*

Vulpé's (F. E. J.) *Virgilian Hours*, square cloth, 6*s.*

Wakefield's Juvenile Travellers, 19th Edition, 12mo, cloth, 6*s.* 6*d.*

Webb's (Mrs. J. B.) *Martyrs of Carthage*, 2 vols, 12mo, cloth, 12*s.*

Williams's (Rev. D.) Composition, 12mo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Winckelman's *History of Ancient Art*, 8vo, cloth, 12*s.*

Winslow's (O.) *Inner Life*, 12mo, cloth, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Wordsworth's Works, vol. 4, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*; sewed, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Year Book of Facts, 1850, 12mo, cloth, 5*s.*

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1850	h. m. s.	1850	h. m. s.
Feb. 2 12 14 1 <i>1</i> 2		Feb. 6 12 14 23 <i>0</i>	
3 14 7 <i>3</i>		7 14 26 <i>4</i>	
4 14 13 <i>1</i>		8 14 29 <i>1</i>	
5 14 18 <i>7</i>			

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We learn from Sir T. Macdougall Brisbane, that he is in no way connected with the family of the late M. Sheddell; and consequently our correspondent, Mr. Shillinglaw was mistaken in that fact as stated in his notice of Mr. Sheddell in our last Gazette.

Ergomet.—The hoods worn by clergymen depend upon the difference in the Universities. The hood lined with red is M.A., Oxford; and with white, B.A., of the same university. A Cambridge M.A., if non-regent, wears a silk hood entirely black, if regent, it is black, lined with white. The B.A. wears a black hood, lined with lamb's wool. Our correspondent, however, may find ample information on the subject in Ackerman's *Quarto volume on the University Costumes*; and when last at Oxford we noticed a neat little coloured roll of them in the print-shop window.

A *Manufacturer*, on the Exhibition for 1851, will be considered for our next Number.

The same answer must be given to Mr. Holyoake.

H. Williams.—We will get the paper, and see. Many thanks.

Sylvanus Urban, redivivus.—Our ancient and esteemed contemporary, *The Gentleman's* (not the *Gent.*) *Magazine*, has doffed its old garments, and appears this month in quite a new and modern costume. It reminds us of the picture of a person of quality a hundred years ago, repainted into a man of fashion more agreeable to our day; but what is better still, it seems to be renewed in youth, strength, and vigour.

H. R. L. has been received; but the absence of dates and authorities renders it impossible to deal with his statements. We should be glad of something of this kind to guide us.

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